Make 'Em Laugh!

HUMOROUS STORIES FOR
ALL OCCASIONS

BY

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HELPFUL HINTS ON ENGLISH"

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MAKE 'EM LAUGH

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by
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INTRODUCTION

If "good wine needs no bush," surely a collection of short jokes and humorous tales needs no bright or witty introduction. Besides, some of the stories included in the present collection are not in need of an introduction of any kind.

The primary purpose of the collection is service for after-dinner speakers. Despite some critics who assert that if a dinner has been a good one there is no need for humor in the post-prandial addresses, and that if it has been a poor one no quantity of stories will cheer up the melancholy survivors, mankind has not yet reached the stage of evolution when it fails to prick up its ears at the words, "And that reminds me of the story of—" However, if any reader wishes to use any of the yarns contained herein, on other occasions than those which follow the clearing away of the tableware, there can be no objection to his doing so.

Most of the stories illustrate points of contact between human beings. They have been

taken from various sources and, in some cases, have been altered a bit to give them a modern twist. It would be impossible to trace most of them to their original sources, and therefore no acknowledgment can be made save a general one to all the good fellows who, through the ages, have lightened the burden of life by telling funny stories.

The compiler has endeavored to eliminate all unnecessary verbiage, especially in the way of introductions to the stories. He believes (and he hopes that the reader will agree with him) that most of them can be told exactly as they are printed. An attempt has been made to give with approximate correctness the various dialects used, but no claim is made for strict accuracy in this respect. If any user of the book desires to modify the dialects, or embellish the stories with fine language of his own, or desires to eliminate any details, he may do so.

C. N. L.

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ACHES AND PAINS

A RUSH FOR ACCOMMODATIONS

A Mormon was very ill. One of his wives intercepted the doctor, and said:

"Oh, doctor, is my husband very sick?"

"Yes, madam, I'm afraid that he is."

"Do you think that I ought to go to his bedside?"

"I think you should," said the doctor, "but you'd better hurry; all the best places are taken already."

AN AQUARIUM, NOT A MORGUE

There was a typhoid fever scare in town, and someone told Jones that he ought to boil his drinking water before using it.

"What for?" he asked.

"Why, boiling kills all the germs in the water."

"Kills 'em all?"

"Sure."

"Not for me," said Jones, as he reached for his glass. "I'd rather make an aquarium out of my stomach than a morgue, any day."

LOOKING FOR A REMEDY

A man showed up at his office one day with his face swollen and tied up. He told his fellow workers that he had a terrible toothache.

"I had one the other day," said one of the other clerks, "but I got rid of it quickly. My wife put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and the pain disappeared."

"That's a good idea," said the sufferer. "Is your wife home now?"

TO BE PREFERRED

Lord Derby, the famous English statesman of the nineteenth century, suffered greatly from the gout, which was brought on, his friends believed, by his habit of drinking too much port. One of the friends sent Derby a case of white wine, with a letter saying that if he should drink that, and no other wine, the writer was sure that the gout would disappear.

A little later the sender of the wine re-

ceived a note from Lord Derby saying that he had tried both the white wine and the gout, and he preferred the gout.

ARMY

PASS FOR ONE

Once, in the Civil War, a soldier was standing on guard at night, when someone approached.

"Halt! Who goes there?" said the sentry.

"Friend—with a bottle," was the answer.

"Pass, friend—halt, bottle!" said the sentry.

NO ESCAPING THE BULLETS

In the Spanish-American War there was a little fighting Irishman in the Rough Riders who was all fight, but also a fatalist.

He saw one of his comrades ducking when the Spanish bullets were flying over them.

"Ah, what's the use of trying to dodge the bullets?" he said. "They'll get you just as well where you are as where you ain't."

A COMPULSORY GIFT

In the early days of the Great War, a wounded British soldier, home on leave, was displaying all over the village a beautiful gold watch which he had acquired in Flanders.

"'Ow did you come to get such a beautiful watch?" asked one of his fellow villagers.

"A German officer guv it to me," said Tommy.

"A German officer guv it to you? And 'ow did that come about?"

"Oh, 'e 'ad to!"

WHERE THE ORDERS CAME FROM

There was a sergeant in a cavalry regiment who was having a hard time drilling some raw recruits. They couldn't stick on the horses' backs.

"Mind, now," said the sergeant, "you're not to dismount under any circumstances."

One of the men fell off, and the sergeant roared at him:

"Didn't I tell you to stick on?"

"Couldn't help myself," said the soldier.

"Oh, I suppose you had orders from headquarters?"

"No, sir, from hindquarters."

FAREWELL TO LADY LIBERTY

A steamship returning with soldiers from France, after service in the Great War, was steaming up New York Bay.

One of the soldiers was overheard talking to the Statue of Liberty.

"Old lady," he said, "I'm sure glad to see your face again. When I was over there I thought I'd never see you again, and you look better to me than any woman I ever see in my life. But let me tell you one thing—I ain't never goin' to see your face again!"

NOT TO BE OUTDONE

During the Civil War, in a lull in the fighting, a New York regiment was visited by a wandering evangelist, who asked permission of the colonel to address his men.

"Last week," said the preacher, "I had the privilege of speaking before a Massachusetts regiment, and before I left the camp eight men came forward and professed religion, and I baptized them."

"Is that so?" said the New Yorker. Then he called to one of his officers:

"Adjutant, detail ten men for baptism. No d——d Massachusetts regiment is going to beat mine for piety!"

PRETTY "DUMB"

We had some "dumb" men in the army in the World War, but luckily for us, we did

not have very many like a man from the backwoods whom a sergeant was trying to drill. He was so "dumb," in fact, that the sergeant said to him:

"Gosh, I don't believe you know your right hand from your left. Cross your hands, and let's see."

The recruit crossed his hands, and the sergeant said:

"Now, which is your right hand and which is your left?"

"I dunno," said the soldier, "you got 'em all mixed up now."

WHAT HE COULD DO

A negro soldier who was opposed to our entrance in the World War was complaining to his "buddy":

"Ah can't mek out," he said, "what for dey wants to send us ovah to Germany to fight. Why can't we wait until dem Germans gits ovah heah, an' den fight 'em? Ah don't feel like doin' no fightin', nohow. Dey kin send me ovah, but dey can't mek me fight."

"No," said the other negro, "dey can't mek you fight, but dey kin take an' put you where de fightin' is, and after dat you kin use your own judgment."

A MUSICAL CHALLENGE

Tony, from the Italian district, entered the army in the War by way of the draft, and was being instructed in his duties as a soldier. He was put on sentry duty one night, and when the corporal of the guard approached, Tony challenged him in a very weak, small voice, that could hardly be heard:

"Say, who goes a-dere?"

"Corporal of the guard," said the non-com. "But say, Tony, that's no way to challenge. If the officer of the day heard you, he'd have you put under arrest. When he comes, I want you to speak up, good and loud. Don't say it as if you were afraid. Sing it out!"

A little while later, the officer of the day approached Tony's post. And Tony said:

"Tra-la-la-la, who coma dere?"

NOT SO CRAZY

In the early days of our participation in the big war, a soldier wanted to get out of going abroad, after he had been drafted and sent to one of the camps.

He went about picking up every scrap of paper he could find, glancing at it, and saying aloud:

"That ain't it! That ain't it!"

Then he threw the paper away and repeated the performance. His queer actions were reported to the commanding officer, who had him examined by a doctor. The latter reported that the man was insane, and recommended his discharge.

In due time the discharge came, and was handed to the soldier. He looked at it, and said:

"Yep, that's it!"

FAR BEHIND THE FRONT

A colored man found the firing at the front in France too hot for him. So he said to his feet, "Feet, do your stuff!" and he soon found himself far from the place where the bullets were flying. He was still running, when an officer stopped him.

"Halt!" said the officer. "What are you doing?"

"Me?" said the runaway. "Ah'm puttin' as much space as Ah kin between me and them Germans!"

"Go back and fight!" said the officer.

"Who is you to tell me to go back and fight?" the colored man asked.

"I am a general," said the officer.

"Good Lord!" said the colored man; "Ah didn't know Ah wuz so far back!"

THE "WHY" OF THE LETTER

Two "buddies" of the American army were taken prisoners by the Germans during the great war. After several months, the home folks of one of them received a letter reading something like this:

"Dear folks, we are now in a German camp, and I must say that the Germans treat us fine. They are the greatest people in the world when it comes to taking care of prisoners. The food is excellent, and there is lots of it. We get new clothing whenever we need it, the camp is comfortable, and they even take us to the movies once a week. I am very well, and have nothing to kick about. Your loving son, Jack. P. S. Bill was shot this morning for complaining."

ONE THING LACKING

"Sergeant," said the captain, "we're going to have that military funeral soon, and I want you to see that the men are thoroughly drilled."

"Very well, sir," said the sergeant, who was one of the most "hard-boiled" men in the army, and he started to put the men through their paces, in the funeral drill. Having opened the ranks, so as to admit of the passing of the supposed cortège, he ordered the men to "rest on their arms reversed." Then by way of practical illustration, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he moved, "Now, I'm the corpse—attention!"

He reached the end of the squad, looked at them steadily for a few moments, and said:

"Your hands is right, and your heads is right, but you haven't got the look of regret you ought to have."

MISSED AGAIN

A sergeant had a squad of recruits out for rifle target practice, and was disgusted with their poor shooting, especially that of one of the men.

"Say," he said, "you're the bummest shot in the whole regiment! You're no good at long range work, you're rotten at the short range and you're worse at the medium. I don't believe you can hit anything. The best thing you can do is go behind those bushes and shoot yourself."

The man said nothing, and the sergeant turned his attention to the other men. In a few minutes he heard a shot from behind the bushes. He rushed over, with visions of the recruit lying dead from a suicide's shot. But as he got there, the "rookie" stood up and greeted him with a grin:

"It's all right, sergeant; I missed again!"

HOW THE WAR WAS WON

A bunch of veterans of the Great War were "pulling the long bow" about the parts they had planned in the fighting. "I'm not saying," remarked one of them, "that Foch and Pershing and Haig didn't help to win the war, but I had something to do with it myself.

"You remember that day at Château Thierry, just before the big push? Well, that morning, just before the show started, Pershing rode up to the colonel of my regiment, and asked him: 'Is Sergeant Bignoise around?' The colonel said, 'Sorry, general, but I had to send him on an important errand.' Pershing didn't say anything, but looked disappointed. He came back in about half an hour, and asked for me again, but I hadn't got back. When he came the third time, the colonel said to him, 'There's the sergeant now,

talking to that brigadier general. Shall I send for him, general?'

"'No,' said Pershing, 'I just wanted to be sure that he was around. Now we can let the battle start.'"

BASEBALL

VERY SKILFUL PITCHER

At a baseball game there were a young lady and her escort. She had never been at a game before.

"Isn't that pitcher grand?" she said. "He hits their bats no matter how they hold them!"

THE MAN NOBODY LOVES

Charles Comiskey, the Chicago baseball club owner, was standing at the turnstile of his ball park, when the gatekeeper said to him:

"Mr. Comiskey, here's a man trying to pass in without paying. Says he's an umpire, and he's got two friends with him."

"An umpire with two friends!" said Mr. Comiskey. "Sure, pass them in!"

WHAT HE THOUGHT

Manager McGraw, of the New York Giants, made a reputation for himself, especially in his

younger years as a player and manager, by his "scrappiness" on the baseball field. He and the umpires had many a "run in."

One day he objected vigorously to an umpire's decision. Approaching that official, he said:

"Say, what would happen to me if I called you a blind-eyed bat and a robber?"

"You'd be fined and suspended."

"And suppose I merely thought it?"

"Well, nothing could be done about it, then."

"Let it go at that," said McGraw.

"TOO—HIGH!"

At a baseball game between two tough teams from the slums, the captain of one side was at the bat. The pitcher let the ball go, and it passed over the plate, a perfect strike.

"One strike!" called the umpire.

The batter turned and gave him what is known as a "dirty look." "Go easy wid dat 'strike' stuff, ump," he growled between his teeth.

Again the pitcher sent over a ball that cut the exact center of the plate.

"Two!" called the umpire.

The batter wheeled around, lifted his bat

in the air, and posed it over the umpire's head.

"Two what?" he yelled.

"Too high," said the umpire.

VERY RAW "ROOKIE"

Manager McGraw of the New York Giants was at the Southern training camp of the team one Spring day, putting his "rookies" through fielding practice, when a big, rawboned Southerner came to him and asked for a chance.

"I'm a very good outfielder," he told McGraw. "'Deed, I was the best fielder on my home town team last season."

The manager rather liked his looks, and said to him:

"Well, I'm in need of a good outfielder right now. Get out there in left field and I'll bat some balls to you, and see how good you are."

The "rookie" hesitated a moment. Then he said, "Say, Mr. McGraw, where is left field in this here ball park?"

THE BIBLE

A BIBLICAL SCHOLAR

"Papa," said the little boy, "who was Shylock?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know who Shylock was?" said the father. "What do I send you to Sunday school for? Why don't you read your Bible?"

QUOTATIONS FROM THE BIBLE

In a Sunday school class there were two boys who were the teacher's despair. They came, of course, only because their parents compelled them to, but they might as well have stayed home for all the good it did them.

The teacher set the class a task—every boy was to memorize a verse from the Bible, and recite it on the following Sunday. All the boys came through beautifully with verses from the Testaments, until it came to the turn of one of the bad boys. When the teacher called upon him, he said:

"I don't know any verse."

"Surely, Willie," said the teacher, "you can recite *some* verse from the Bible—just any one at all, no matter how short it is."

She coaxed him a little more, and then Willie blurted out:

"'And Judas went and hanged himself.'"

"Well," said the teacher, "it *is* a verse from the Bible, even if it is not a very good one, and I suppose I'll have to accept it. And now,

Bobby"—she turned to the other bad boy—"What verse have you for me?"

" 'Go thou and do likewise,' " quoted Bobby.

BOOKS AND WRITING

A DIFFERENT KIND OF CHICKEN

Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, once thought that he could make more money by chicken farming than by writing, so he started a poultry ranch. He called his chickens after his literary friends and acquaintances. One of them was Mary Mapes Dodge.

She visited him one day, and asked:

"Well, how is little Mary Mapes Dodge getting on?"

"Do you know," said Stockton, "the funniest thing about Mary Mapes Dodge is that she turns out to be Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

A CHANGE IN TASTE

William Dean Howells, the novelist and critic, was listening one day to a younger novelist who was commenting on his own books.

"I'm not satisfied with my latest work," he said. "The books sell well, and I'm becoming richer and richer, but the writing does not seem to me to be as good."

"Nonsense," Howells answered. "You write as well as you ever did, but your taste is improving."

TOO MUCH FOR THE BULLET

A critic was asked his opinion of a new novel.

"It's pretty dull," he said. "It would be a good thing for a soldier to wear over his heart when going into battle."

"Why?"

"Well, if a bullet struck that book it would never go past the first chapter."

FUNNY LANGUAGE, ENGLISH

A Frenchman was complaining to an American friend about the funny language we have.

He said: "Ze English language, she is very funny. When you Americans say, 'a fat chance,' it is the same as when you say, 'a slim chance.'"

WHAT SHE'D THINK OF

At a meeting of the poetry society, they were talking about a poet whose wife is so devoted to him that she acts as his secretary and stenographer. "Do you know," said one of those present, "he often lies awake in bed thinking

of his writing, and when he thinks of a good word he calls on his wife to get up and jot it down for him. He says to her, 'Get up, I've thought of a good word.' "

"Yes," said another, "I've even heard that he gets her up twice, by saying, 'Get up, I've thought of a better word.' "

One young woman spoke up. "It's a good thing for him I'm not his wife. I'd say to him, 'Get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word.' "

BUSINESS

PRETTY "CLOSE"

There was a banker in a small town who lent some money to a farmer, on good security, and when the farmer returned the loan he offered to give the banker a barrel of cider.

"Will you deliver it to my house?" asked the banker.

"Yes," said the farmer.

"And what will you give me for the barrel when the cider is all gone?" asked the banker.

GOOD BUSINESS

A man in a small town drove out into the country one day, and left an order with a

farmer for a dozen chickens, to be delivered in town, at the man's house. Next day, in his absence, the farmer made the delivery, but, being in a hurry, he did not take his chickens around to the back of the house, but turned them loose on the front lawn.

Naturally, they scattered all over the neighborhood, and the buyer had a hard time rounding them up.

Next day he called on the farmer, and said: "That was no way to deliver those dozen chickens I ordered. I had to chase them all over town, and all I could find was eleven."

"Is that so?" said the farmer. "Well, I think you did pretty well, considering that I left only six."

A WARNING FROM ABOVE

In one of the narrow downtown streets of New York there are two tall office buildings, so situated that the tenants of one can look into the windows of the other, if they wish to do so. A tenant in one of them was looking out of his window one afternoon, when he happened to notice, in an office across the street, a man making love to his stenographer. In fact, the young lady was sitting in the man's lap.

On the window was the firm name. The other fellow left his window, went back to his desk, and called up the firm whose name was on the window. When he got an answer, he said, in a deep, solemn voice:

"Thou shalt not make love to thy stenographer in office hours!"

The other man was so amazed that he could only stammer out:

"W-w-w-what? W-w-ho is this?"

"I am thy conscience!" came the answer, as the joker "hung up."

SHREWD AND SUSPICIOUS

A bunch of speculators once tried to get the late Russell Sage interested in their scheme, and called on him at his office to explain matters. He listened to them, but would not commit himself, saying he would take the matter under advisement.

When they had left his office, one of them said to the others:

"That old bird will never let us have the money; he's too suspicious."

"Why do you think he won't?"

"Well, I noticed that after he shook hands with me he counted his fingers."

NOT LOOKING FOR BUSINESS

Not everybody is engaged all the time in chasing the very elusive dollar. For instance, there was the storekeeper in a little Southern village, who was playing checkers in the back room of his store.

A customer entered, and the other checker player looked up and said:

"Jim, there's a customer in the store."

"Sh!" answered Jim, "keep perfectly quiet, and mebbe she'll go out again."

CHILDREN

ONLY ONE MORE

There was company for dinner, and the man of the house tried to make himself agreeable by telling a funny story.

He had hardly finished when his little son piped out:

"Oh, papa, tell the *other* one!"

ALL NAUGHTY BUT HER

The little girl was not making a record in her class for good behavior, so her mother was agreeably surprised when she came home one afternoon with the report:

"Mother, to-day the teacher had to speak to all the girls except me."

"Indeed!" said the mother. "What did she say?"

"She said, 'Now, children, we'll all wait until Mary comes to order.'"

NO USE AT ALL

"Sister," said a small boy, "I was walking down the street, and I fell and hurt myself."

"Did you cry when you got up?" asked the little girl.

"Of course I didn't cry! What's the use of crying when there's no one around to hear you?"

A LONESOME LIFE

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Billy?" said the boy's favorite uncle.

"I think I'd like to be a taxi-cab driver," said the little fellow.

"Why, I thought you had made up your mind to be a minister."

"I've changed my mind; but I'm going to be a Christian taxi-cab driver."

"Indeed! I'm afraid you'll lead a very lonesome life."

THE DOOMED MAN

Uncle Bob, the little boy's favorite uncle, was going to be married on the following Sunday, and the boy was asking his mother some questions about the wedding.

"Mother," he said, "the last three days they give them anything they want to eat, don't they?"

PRETTY SMART

Mother had two friends in for afternoon tea, and, while she went to the kitchen to give some directions, the visitors took it upon themselves to comment on the little girl of the house, who had been left in the room with them.

Said one of them:

"Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling out the word.

"No," said the little girl, "not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but quite s-m-a-r-t."

LEFT DADDY OUT

A little boy had been very naughty, and got the spanking from his father that he deserved.

That night he said his prayers, and, as usual, asked a blessing on the members of his family.

But he very carefully left his father out. Then, turning his head toward his daddy, he said:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it!"

HOW COOK GOT HER NOSE BURNT

There was company for dinner, and father was carving a fine roast of beef. But he had considerable trouble with some wooden skewers in the meat.

Little Jimmy said, very loud:

"Our cook has burnt her nose somethin' awful."

"Why, Jimmy, how did that happen?" asked the guest.

"Tryin' to pull them skewers out with her teeth," said Jimmy.

NOT A STEADY JOB

After the teacher had told her class of boys about the glory and honor attaching to the Presidency of the United States, she asked:

"Is there any boy in this class who would not want to be President of the United States?"

"I wouldn't, teacher," said one boy.

"Why not?"

"My father says it's best to have a steady job."

WHAT "FALSE WITNESS" MEANS

In a Sunday school, the teacher had been explaining to her class the meaning of the Ten Commandments. She came back to the one about bearing false witness against one's neighbors, and asked, "Can any of the scholars tell me what that means, in your own language?"

"I think I can, teacher," said one little girl. "It means when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells about it."

A TOUGH WORLD FOR WOMEN

A little girl said to her mother:

"Mamma, if I grow up and get married, will I have a husband like father?"

"I don't know, dear," said her mother; "very probably."

"And if I grow up and don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Mary?"

"Perhaps," answered the mother.

The little girl thought it over for a moment. "Mother," she said, "it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?"

THE BOY'S LANGUAGE

A farmer caught a party of boys stealing his apples, and chased them. They all got away

but one boy, who climbed far up in the limbs of a tree.

"Come down," said the farmer, "I won't hurt you."

"I'm afraid you'll give me a whipping," said the boy.

"No," the farmer answered, "on my honor, I won't hurt you."

"I don't know what you mean by 'on my honor,'" said the boy, "but if you say 'Cross my heart' I'll come down."

TAKING PROPER PRECAUTIONS

It is related of a Chicago dry goods merchant who was very wealthy and prominent, that he showed his shrewdness at an early age. He was, when a young boy, visiting his grandmother, and he said to her:

"Granny, can you crack nuts with your teeth?"

"No, my dear," answered the old lady, "I lost my teeth long ago."

"All right, then," said the boy; "will you hold these nuts for me while I go and get some more?"

A TWO-WAY PRAYER

A little boy had been very naughty, and his mother told him that he was in for a good

whipping, when she should find time to attend to him.

He knew from past experiences that it was not an idle threat, so he went to his room, and kneeled in prayer, asking the Lord to avert the threatened spanking.

His mother passed the room, and said:

"What in the world are you doing?"

"I'm praying to the Lord to spare me that whipping—but I hope that *you'll* hear me."

AFRAID OF ONLY ONE THING

The little girl was a very timid little soul, and her father was trying to reason her out of her fears. He tried to tell her that there was nothing to fear in mice and frogs and bugs.

"Papa," she asked, "ain't you 'fraid of bugs?"

"No, dear."

"Ain't you 'fraid of snakes?"

"No, dear."

"Ain't you 'fraid even of lightning and thunder?"

"No, dear."

"Papa, ain't you 'fraid of nothing else in the whole world but just mamma?"

TO KEEP THE BUGS OFF

Little Marion lives in a small town in Massachusetts in which the trees have been badly infested by the gipsy moth, and the state has put bands of sticky substance on the trees, to keep the caterpillars from crawling up the trunks. She was walking with her mother when they met a man who had a band of mourning around his left arm.

"Mother," asked Marion, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

THE WRONG VERSE

The Sunday school teacher was talking to her class about kindness to animals, and told them how the Bible enjoined on us the mercy which a merciful man shows to his beast.

"Now," she said, "suppose one of you saw a bad boy cutting off a cat's tail, what would you say to him, out of the Bible, that would convince him that he was doing something very wrong?"

One of the boys called out, "I would tell him, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

WHERE DO THEY GO?

The teacher was explaining the examples in

arithmetic to her class, and was much pleased to see that the dullest boy she had was paying very close attention. "At last," thought the teacher, "I have succeeded in making an impression on his mind."

When she had finished the demonstration, she said:

"Well, Tommy, did you understand the examples as I explained them?"

"No, ma'am," answered the boy, "but there's one question I'd like to ask."

"What is that, Tommy?"

"Where do the figures go when you rub them out?"

FATHER GEORGE WAS NO SAILOR

The teacher was asking the class:

"Can any little boy tell me about George Washington—was he a great general or an admiral?"

One of the boys had been taken on frequent fishing trips by his father. He spoke up:

"I don't know about his being a great general, teacher, but I'm sure he was no admiral."

"What makes you so sure, Johnny?"

"No admiral would 'a' crossed the Delaware like he did, standing up in the boat."

AN ACROBATIC SHIRT

Billy had been told not to go down to the creek for a swim, but, the day being warm, he had succumbed to the temptation. In fact, he remained there too long, and the lowering of the sun warned him that he must hustle to get back home.

"You've been swimming again, when I told you not to," said his mother.

"No, ma'am," lied Billy.

"If you haven't been swimming, how is it that you have your shirt on inside out?"

"Aw, mother," said Billy, "I climbed a fence backward, and the shirt must 'a' got turned around."

POOR FATHER!

A boy who had never before visited the home of a wealthy family was invited to dinner there, and he was greatly impressed and awed by what he saw, especially by the butler.

When he got home, he said to his mother:

"Why, mama, they kept him standing all the time, and didn't ever give him a chance to sit down and take a bite; besides, he had to keep passing plates, and everything else; and when the doorbell rang he had to go and answer it.

They may be very rich, but you can't tell me they don't make their father work!"

ONE WAY TO DODGE WORK

A lady was reading to her young son a tale of a boy who, when his father died, worked hard to support his widowed mother. "Willie," said she, "if father were to die, would you work for me?"

"What for?" asked Willie. "Haven't we got this house to live in?"

"Yes," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, we've got lots of things in the pantry, haven't we?"

"Yes, but they wouldn't last forever, Willie."

"Couldn't you make them last until you got another husband, ma?"

INNOCENT LITTLE CHILDREN

It was after supper time, and the woman had sent her two small children to bed, so that she might have her time with her two women friends all to herself. The children had not fallen asleep, however, and their voices could be heard upstairs.

"I love to hear them prattle," said the mother. "It is so sweet to listen to their innocent remarks. They are so fresh from the hand of the Creator, so uncontaminated by the world and its ways. Soon they will be saying their prayers and going to their sweet slumbers."

A voice came from upstairs:

"Mamma!"

"What is it, dear?"

"Mamma, Willie found a bed-bug!"

HIS OWN IDEA

Little Bobbie got into a scrap with the boy next door, and punched him in the nose, blackened his eye, and inflicted various other injuries on him.

The other boy's mother came to complain. Bobbie was summoned, and his mother said:

"Why, Bobbie, how could you ever think of doing such a thing! It must have been the devil that put you up to blackening that poor boy's eye!"

"Well, it may have been the devil that put me up to blackening his eye," said Bobbie, "but kicking him in the shins was my own idea."

IT LOOKED LIKE DINNER

Little Mary's father telephoned that he was coming home for luncheon, and was bringing with him a business associate on whom he was very anxious to make a good impression.

Naturally, his wife set herself out to bring forth as good a "spread" as possible, but in her hurry she forgot to say anything to the little girl. The time for the luncheon arrived, with the man of the house and his friend, and the little girl came to the table also. The array of the best dishes and the elaborate food astonished her.

"Mother," she asked, "what is this—Sunday dinner?"

"Why, no, dear," said the embarrassed woman. "Don't you know that this is luncheon?"

"Well, it looks like Sunday dinner to me!"

A FAMILY SECRET

There was company for dinner, and the dessert was ice-cream, of which little Johnny was, naturally, very fond.

He wanted a second helping, but mother decided that he had had enough. "No, dear, you can't have any more," she said.

"If you don't give me some more ice-cream, I'll tell."

"You can't have any more," said mother.

The little fellow was quiet for a few moments. Then he said again:

"If you don't give me some more ice-cream, I'll tell."

"I have told you twice already that you cannot have any more," said mother.

He stood up in his chair:

"My new pants are made out of our old kitchen window curtains," he said, very loudly.

HAD TO SEE HER PASTOR

A little girl five years old, a minister's daughter, had eaten too much ice-cream for dessert, and mother had thought it best to put her to bed immediately after supper. The little one did not like it; she missed her usual evening romp with her father.

She appeared at the head of the stairs, and called:

"Mother, may I talk to father?"

"No, dear," said the mother, "father is busy preparing his Sunday sermon, and can't be disturbed now."

"Mother, I must have a talk with father."

"No, my dear, you will have to wait until morning."

"Mother, I'm a very sick woman; I must see my pastor at once!"

SYMPATHETIC CHILD

A mother took her little girl to an art museum, and they halted in front of a painting showing the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs. The painter had depicted a group of men and women being thrown to the lions.

Suddenly the little girl began to cry. "Ah," said the mother to herself, "what a fine, sensitive child I have—crying over the sufferings of those poor people!" And to the little girl she said:

"There, there, my dear, don't cry; this happened many years ago, and the sufferings of those poor people are over now."

"I'm not crying for the people," said the child: "look at that poor little lion over there in the corner; he's not getting any!"

LOOKED LIKE A LION

Little Mary's family acquired a big Saint Bernard dog, which, to Mary's eyes, looked

very much like a lion. In fact, to her vivid imagination, it *was* a lion, and she told her young friends that they had a lion at her house. One day her mother overheard her saying to a young friend, "We've got a great, big lion living with us now."

"Mary," said her mother, "I have told you many times you must not say such fibs. I want you to go right to your room and ask the Lord for forgiveness for saying something that is not so."

Mary went to her room and knelt in prayer. When she came downstairs, her mother said: "Did you pray for forgiveness, my dear?"

"I did, mother, and the Lord said to me, 'Oh, that's all right, Mary; sometimes I even take that dog for a lion myself!' "

WORSE THAN AN EARTHQUAKE

Everybody who has had charge of the bringing up of two healthy, growing boys will appreciate the feeling of relief with which two English parents, living in the West Indies, sent their young sons to a relative in England.

The island in which the boys lived was subject to periodic earthquakes, and it was to

escape one of the quakes that the parents sent the boys away.

But the lads had been in England only a short time when their father got a cablegram:

"Take back your boys and send us the earthquake."

QUITE A NAME

"What is your name?" asked the teacher of the new boy.

"Nebuchadnezzar Ebenezer Jones," said the boy.

"What a terrible name to give a child!" said the teacher. "Who in the world ever gave you such a name?"

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I'm going to find out, and when I get my growth he's going to be sorry for it."

VERY GREEN FROM THE CITY

The fresh air fund "kid" from the slums was having his first breakfast in the country. He noticed a jar of honey on the table.

"Oh," he said to the farmer, "I see you keep a bee!"

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

NOT VERY

"Is your wife entertaining this winter?" asked one man of another.

"Not very," said the other man.

A FAMOUS "DATE"

"Can you give me any well-known date in Roman history?" asked the teacher.

"I can, teacher," said one pupil. "Antony's, with Cleopatra."

A REAL COMPLIMENT

When Joseph H. Choate, the eminent lawyer, was asked, "Mr. Choate, if you were not yourself, who would you rather be?" he answered, "Mrs. Choate's second husband."

A GOOD SWAP?

Not many men are as prudent or as forehanded as the fellow who said that when his wife got to be forty he was going to swap her for two twenties.

NOT FINANCIALLY

"I hear that you are separated from your wife," said one man to another, to whose wife

the court had given a decree of separation with liberal alimony.

"Well, I'm separated, but not financially," replied the ex-husband.

WHAT SHE OBJECTED TO

They were talking about modern music and dancing.

"I don't like dancing to jazz," said the young lady. "It's nothing but hugging set to music."

"Well," asked the young man, "what is there about that that you object to?"

"The music," she said.

IN SOME CASES?

The teacher was explaining to her class what was meant by "bigamy."

"It means," she said, "having two wives at one time. Now, can any boy tell me what word means having only one wife?"

"I can, teacher," said one boy; "monotony."

OUGHT TO BE RESTRICTED

Two youthful members of the aristocracy in England were very much in love, and were kissing each other.

"Tell me, George," said the young lady,

"do the poor people know what heavenly bliss it is to kiss like this?"

"Yes, my love," he answered.

"Oh, dear me!" said she. "It's much too good for the working classes!"

NOT NECESSARY?

Some years ago, in New York society, there was a pair of beautiful twins, young ladies. They were so much alike that no one could tell them apart.

One of them was engaged to be married.

"How do you tell them apart?" someone asked the young man.

"I don't try to," he answered.

"NOT LATELY"

Among the invited guests at a wedding was a rejected suitor of the bride, who stood around gloomily while the rest of the company was extending felicitations to the happy couple. The best man tried to cheer him up.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked.

"Not lately," said the disappointed one.

AN EASY SOLUTION

A young man, recently married, was saying to a friend:

"I'm a bit in doubt as to what to call my mother-in-law. You see, my own mother is living, and it doesn't seem right to me to call my wife's mother, 'Mother.'"

"That's easy," the friend replied. "I was up against the same thing. The first year I addressed her as 'Say'; after that I called her 'Grandma.'"

DISCOURAGING

A bachelor who had escaped the matrimonial noose was asked by a friend why he had never married.

"I never got over an early disappointment," said he. "I was in love once with a charming young lady, and after courting her for some time I finally got up enough courage to propose to her. I said to her, 'Let's get married.' And she answered:

"'Good Lord! Who'll have us?'"

POOR ADAM!

"Young ladies," said a teacher to her class of girls, "there is no occupation more interesting and profitable than gardening. I advise you all to cultivate a garden, however small. Besides, you cannot tell what the garden may

lead to; you know, our Mother Eve married a gardener."

"Yes," said one of the pupils, "but it cost him his job."

A NEW DENOMINATION

A young couple were talking things over a short time before the date set for their marriage.

"There's one thing I have never told you," said the young lady, "and that is that I am a somnambulist."

"Oh, that's all right," said he; "after we're married you can go to your church and I'll go to mine."

"ALL HIS WORLDLY GOODS"

A young man who had been supported, all his life, without working, by his father, had the good fortune to win the hand of a wealthy young woman.

At the wedding his father stood at the young man's side. When he repeated the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," his father exclaimed, quite audibly:

"Good Lord, there goes his flivver!"

NOT MUCH OF AN OBJECTION

"Congratulate me," said a man in Detroit to his best friend. "I'm engaged to be married."

"I congratulate you. Who's the young lady?"

"Miss Robinson, of Oshkosh."

"What, Miss Robinson, of Oshkosh! Say, don't you know that that girl has been engaged to half the men in Oshkosh?"

"Oh, well, Oshkosh isn't such a big place."

"HUSBANDS TO BURN"

An old maid had a married woman friend who had the misfortune to lose her husband; the man left a wish to be cremated, and the widow carried out his wishes.

She married a second time, and the second husband went also, and he, too, wanted to be cremated. And it happened yet a third time.

The "spinster lady" heard about all this.

"What do you think of that woman?" she said. "She's had husbands to burn, and I can't get even one!"

MORE THAN HIS SHARE

"Martha, dost thou love me?" asked a Quaker youth of the maiden who had won his heart.

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" replied the maiden.

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth," answered the maiden. "I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."

"WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS"

A famous author had a beautiful daughter, who was courted by an eligible young man. He "popped the question" and was accepted, but he lacked the nerve to ask the father for his daughter's hand. So he persuaded the young lady to ask her father. She did so, and the writer said:

"I like John, and I think I'll spare his feelings. I'll write a little note and pin it on the back of your dress, and he can read it."

He did so, and the young lady delivered the note by turning her back on the young man. He took the note from her gown, and read:

"With the Author's Compliments."

SELFISH ADVICE

"I don't know what to do," said one young

man to another. "I'm in love with a charming girl, young, intelligent and beautiful, but she is very poor. There is another girl whom I don't love, but she has lots of money. I think either one might accept me if I proposed. What would you advise me to do?"

"I would say," his friend replied, "follow the dictates of your heart. Love is the greatest thing in the world; money can never take its place. Go and take the poor girl, and be happy. And—er—by the way, would you mind introducing me to the other one?"

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

A parish visitor was making his rounds one day, when he passed a cottage from which came unmistakable sounds of quarreling. He waited for a few minutes for the noise to subside, but it continued, so he knocked on the door. There was no answer; he turned the knob, and walked in.

"I should like to speak to the head of the house," he said.

A man's voice answered him. "Well, sir, we were just discussing that point. If you sit down and wait a few minutes, I think we'll be able to tell you soon."

A BAD PROSPECT

Two girls, who had been chums throughout their early years, were married at the same time, and one of them went to live in another city. A year later the other one visited her, and found her the mother of twin baby girls.

"Do you know," said the mother of the twins, "there was something very queer about it—you might almost call it a coincidence. As we left the church we passed a phonograph store that was playing some old records, and one of the songs we heard was 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'"

The other bride turned pale, and seemed about to faint. "Why, what's the matter?" asked her friend.

"When Bob and I left the church we heard a band playing the sextet from 'Lucia.'"

HONORABLE, BUT REMOTE

There was a man, in a little town, who was fast getting along toward middle age, without ever having entered the bonds of matrimony. Finally, however, he found himself attracted by a woman about his own age, and began calling on her pretty regularly. This went on for a time and, naturally, the lady and her aged

parents became a bit worried about his intentions—especially as some of the neighbors began to ask embarrassing questions.

One day the father of the lady called the middle-aged suitor aside, and said to him:

"See here, Jim; you've been coming around here pretty steady for a few years now, calling on my Sarah. Some of the neighbors are beginning to talk, and I thought I'd ask you what your intentions are."

"My intentions," said the reluctant suitor, "are honorable—but remote."

CHANGED HIS OPINION

There was an old man who had a grouch and a pretty daughter. The daughter attracted young men to his home, but the grouch sometimes drove them away. Besides, the old man was not in any hurry to have his daughter marry and leave him.

One afternoon, as the old man sat on the porch of his home, a young man called. While waiting for the daughter to come down, he sat on the porch near the father. To start a conversation, the young man said:

"Looks like rain, Mr. Brown."

"'Tain't goin' to rain," said the old man.

There was silence for a few moments, then the old man said, "What's your name, young man?"

"My name's Jones, Richard Jones, son of Newton Jones, of Hopeville."

"What, you're the son of my old friend, Newt Jones? Well, it *may* rain; it *may* rain."

HURRYING THE GRASS

Pottering about the graves one day, the sexton of a church saw a widow, a member of the parish, crossing the church-yard. Unknown to her, he followed her to the grave of her late husband, where he had been laid but a few months before.

The woman was carrying a package of grass seed and a watering pot. She planted the grass seed in the grave and was watering it from the pot, when the sexton came out and asked her:

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm planting some grass seed on my husband's grave," she replied.

"What's the use of watering it?" said the sexton. "It will get water enough when the rain comes."

"That may be," said the widow. "But when my husband died last winter he made me

promise that I would not marry again until the grass grew on his grave—and I had a good offer last night."

SYMPATHY

A rich old spinster of New York City became greatly interested in social service work, and decided that her greatest field of usefulness lay in handling cases of the kind that come before the Domestic Relations Court.

A case that attracted her was one of a middle-aged woman who came to court with a tale of having been "beaten up" by her husband. Her appearance was sufficient evidence that her story was true—black eye, bunged-up nose, and other "fixings." The wealthy spinster did what she could to comfort her. The victim asked:

"Do you live around here, ma'am?"

"No, I live over on Fifth Avenue."

"Oh, on Fifth Avenue! I suppose over there, ma'am, the husbands is all good to their wives?"

"I can't say," said the spinster. "You see, I have never had a husband."

The other woman looked at her with her one good eye. "Is that so?" she said. "Gee, I'm

sorry fer you; it must be fierce to be an old maid!"

WANTED HIM VERY BADLY

A middle-aged farmer had been courting a spinster a long time without coming to the point, so at last, after weary years of waiting, she took the bull by the horns and proposed to him. They were sitting on the front porch of her home, in the early evening.

"Waal," he said, "I'm not so sure about wantin' to marry ye. They been sayin' about town that you ain't so young as you used to be, and, besides, your eyesight is givin' way."

"Who says that?" she answered indignantly. "Why, my eyes are as good as they ever were! The idea!"

"They do say your eyes is so bad that you can't even see to thread a needle."

"'Tain't so! Why, I can see the eye of a needle as far away as that gatepost."

"Let's see," he said, and he walked out to the gatepost. "There, kin ye see the eye in that needle I stuck into the post?"

"Jest as plain as plain can be," she answered.

"Well," he said, "ef ye want me badly

enough to see an eye in that pin I just stuck there, I'll have to marry ye."

HAD TO LOSE THE BET

Three men were out very late one night, without their wives, enjoying themselves, when they suddenly became conscience-stricken, and decided that they had not acted properly in leaving their wives alone so long. They also decided that the only way to make up for their neglect was for each of them to do exactly what his wife told him to do, when he got back home. To make sure, they agreed that if any one of them should fail to do what his wife ordered, he should pay for a dinner for the three couples.

The first man went home, and entered the front door very quietly. But as he felt his way toward the staircase, he had the misfortune to stumble against the piano, and strike the keys. The noise woke up his wife, and she yelled down at him, "That's right! Smash the piano!" So, in order not to lose the bet, he had to go out to the back yard, get the axe, and smash up the piano.

The second man was lucky enough to get to the stairs. But the cat was sleeping on the bottom step, and he stepped on her tail. She

let out a screech, and the man's wife let out another: "What are you trying to do? Why don't you go and kill the cat?" So he had to get out his gun, and shoot the poor cat.

The third man got as far as the top of the stairs, and there he stumbled, and made a noise that waked up his wife. "Hey, clumsy," she yelled at him, "fall downstairs and break your neck!"

But he preferred to pay for the dinners.

DOCTORS

SURE OF HIMSELF

A doctor had been treating a man for a long time for liver trouble, but finally the man contracted pneumonia, and died.

Another doctor heard of it, and said to the first:

"I hear you lost that liver trouble patient of yours, from pneumonia."

"No, sir; no, sir," replied the other. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble!"

HIS OWN MEDICINE

On one of the old-time men-of-war there was a surgeon who had failed in practice

ashore, and got an appointment to try his hand on the poor sailors. For almost every illness he had the same remedy, a glassful of salt sea water.

One day he fell overboard and was drowned. A sailor reported the accident to the captain:

"Sir, the doctor has fallen overboard and drowned in his own medicine chest."

A MAN OF FEW WORDS

Doctor Abernethy, a very famous London physician years ago, was noted as being a man of very few words. A woman came to his office with an injured hand, and the following conversation ensued:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman came again.

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later there was another visit.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing; most sensible woman I ever met."

CONSOLATION FROM THE DOCTOR

One of the favorite stories of the late Andrew Carnegie ran about as follows:

A man who had been sick for a long time and under a doctor's care, was overjoyed one day to hear the doctor say:

"My dear sir, I congratulate you!"

"Oh, doctor," said the sick man, "will I recover?"

"Oh, no," answered the doctor. "No chance. But if the autopsy proves, as I believe, that you have a disease that has never been observed before, we'll name it after you."

FROM A PROFESSIONAL POINT OF VIEW

"Doctor," said a man to his physician, "I think there's something the matter with me. I've got a pain here, and one there, and one there," and he went on to give a long list of the symptoms that bothered him.

Every time he paused for breath, the doctor said:

"Fine, fine! Go on, go on!"

When he had finished his story, the doctor said:

"That's great! Do you know, you've got a disease that was supposed to be extinct long ago?"

"WHICH NOSTRIL?"

Specialization in medicine has gone too far, in the opinion of some of the older physicians.

One of them was talking to a medical student who was soon to be graduated. "I suppose," said the older man, "that you are going to be a specialist, like so many of the young men nowadays?"

"Yes, doctor," said the other. "I am going to specialize in diseases of the nose."

"Indeed!" the older doctor snorted. "Which nostril?"

SOME BABY!

Old Doctor Brown, the physician in a little town, was an enthusiastic fisherman. He was summoned from one of his angling expeditions to give his services in a maternity case.

The proud father wanted to weigh the baby, but had no scales in the house. So he borrowed the steelyard with which Doctor Brown weighed his fish.

"Great Scott, doctor!" he exclaimed. "Sixteen pounds!"

WHAT HE COULD CURE

A quack doctor was sent for, once, to treat a man who was suffering from a very bad boil

on the back of his neck. He took a look at the boil, assumed a wise expression, and said:

"Have you got a poker?"

When he was told "yes," he gave directions that the end of the poker be put into the fire to become white hot. Then he applied the hot end to the boil. Naturally, the victim yelled. "There," said the quack, "I guess that will do the trick. I'm not much good on boils, but I'm great at curing burns!"

LIGHT READING

Everyone who has been a convalescent in a hospital will appreciate the feelings of the man, recovering from a severe operation, who believed that the doctors were withholding from him his proper share of food.

He was hungry, but all he got one meal-time was a teaspoonful of custard. "Is that all I get?" he said to the nurse. "That's all for a while," she answered.

He swallowed it with a good deal of grumbling. The nurse took away the dish, and a few minutes later was called back to the bedside by the bell.

"Nurse," said the patient, "bring me a postage stamp; I want to do a little reading."

A DOCTOR'S REPLY

A famous surgeon was invited to dinner, and had the seat of honor next to his hostess.

She thought she would take advantage of his knowledge of anatomy, and asked him to carve the chicken. But it was a tough bird, and when he tried to insert the carving knife into it, it slid off the platter, and landed in the lap of the hostess. She tried to put him at his ease by making a joke of the accident.

"Why, doctor," she said, "I thought you were good at carving! But if you can't carve a chicken for dinner, I should hate to trust myself to your hands for an operation."

"But, madam," said the doctor, "you must remember that you are no chicken."

GETTING EVEN

A doctor was greatly peeved, one very cold winter's night, by being roused out of his warm bed and called upon to visit a patient at the other end of the city. He went, and found the man in bed. He examined him, and said:

"Have you made your will?"

"Oh, doctor, am I as sick as all that?"

"Have you made your will?" repeated the doctor.

"No."

"Well, it would be a good idea to send for your lawyer in the morning."

"Oh, doctor!" groaned the patient.

"Does your pastor live near here?" asked the doctor, next.

And again the patient groaned, "Oh, doctor!"

"I'd let him know, if I were you," said the doctor.

"Oh, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?"

"Not just yet," said the doctor. "There's nothing the matter with you. But I hate to think that I'm the only man who's been made a darn fool of, on a night like this."

DOGS

HOW TO TRAIN A DOG

"How is it," said one dog owner to another, "that your dog knows all kinds of smart tricks, while I find it impossible to teach my dog anything?"

"Well, you see," said the other dog owner, "you've got to know more than the dog, to start with."

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND HIS DOG

A ventriloquist one day found himself very hard up. He hadn't had an engagement for so long that he was down to his last nickel. In fact, he had nothing much besides the nickel, the clothes on his back and a little yellow dog that he had picked up on the road.

He walked into a small town, entered a saloon—whose proprietor happened to be a German—and put his last nickel down on the bar. "Give me a glass of beer," he said, and then he turned to the dog. "What'll you have?" he said.

The dog looked up and said, "I'll take a ham sandwich."

The saloon keeper could not believe his ears. Leaning way over the bar, he gasped out:

"Hey, vot's dot der dog said?"

And the dog repeated, "I'll take a ham sandwich."

"Oooh," said the German, "vot kind of a dog is dot?"

"That," said the ventriloquist, "is the only talking dog in the whole world!"

The saloon man was so astonished that he gave the customer his beer, and the ham sand-

wich for the dog, all for the one nickel. All the time he was shaking his head and saying, "My, my, vot a wonderful dog!"

The man drank the beer, and the dog ate the meat out of the sandwich. Then the man turned to the dog again. "Have another one?" And the dog answered, "No, thanks, I've had enough."

"Say," said the saloon keeper, "I vould like to own dot dog! Maybe you vould sell him, yes? How much money you take for dot dog?"

"That dog," said the ventriloquist, "is not for sale; not at any price. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'm a little hard up right now, and if you lend me $50, I'll leave the dog with you for security."

The saloonkeeper fell over himself in his eagerness to hand out the money. "Maybe," he said to himself, "der bum vill not come back mit der money, und den I vill have all for myself der only talking dog in der vorld."

The ventriloquist took the money, and tied the dog to the bar with a piece of rope. As he was going out of the saloon, he turned to take a last look at the dog. The animal looked up and said:

"You ungrateful cuss! After all I've done for you, to sell me for $50! I'll get even with you—I'll never say another word as long as I live!"

And he never did.

DOMESTICITY

NEEDED THEM BOTH

A boy rushed into a drugstore.

"Hey, quick," he yelled, "I want some liniment and some cement for fixing china!"

The druggist wondered over the strange request. "All right," he said, "but what's the rush?"

"Ma's just hit pa over the head with a plate and busted it."

A REAL GROUCH

There are grouches of all kinds and various degrees, but it is a good thing for the world that there are not many like the man who said to his friend:

"I'm going home now, and if my dinner isn't ready I'm going to raise the devil with my wife—and if it is ready I'm not going to eat a bite!"

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

A man who had a "scrap" with his wife sent for a doctor to treat his face, which was badly scarred and scratched from the woman's nails. After treating the husband, the doctor turned to the wife:

"I'd think, madam, that you'd be ashamed to treat your husband so—your husband, who is the head of your family."

"Doctor," said the woman, "hasn't a woman got a right to scratch her own head?"

"I TOLD YOU SO"

There was an old man who had become very tired, in the course of years, of hearing his wife say, "I told you so," whenever he reported anything to her. So he determined to set a trap for her.

He rushed into the house, dropped into a chair, and gasped out:

"Wife, what do you think? Our cow has gone and swallowed the grindstone!"

"I told you so! I told you so!" she yelled, without thinking. "You always would leave it outdoors!"

FOR FURTHER DUTY?

There had been twelve children in the New England family, and the quaint, old-fashioned cradle that had done duty for them all was showing signs of wear. It creaked badly as the wife rocked it with the latest baby in it, and she said:

"I'm afraid this cradle won't last much longer, John."

The husband took out ten dollars, and gave them to his wife. "Next time you go to town, Mary, get a new cradle. Get a good one, one that will last."

GONE TO SMASH

There was an old farmer's wife who really loved her husband, but who had gotten so in the habit of scolding him that she did it without thinking.

They had company one evening, and the old man got a pitcher and said he was going to the cellar to get some cider for the guests. His foot caught at the head of the stairs, and he went to the bottom with an awful crash. His wife yelled out:

"Did you break the pitcher, you looney?"

He got up and shouted back:

"No, your blamed old pitcher is all right, but I'm goin' ter bust it now!"

And he lifted the jug above his head and smashed it to pieces on the cellar floor.

DRINKING

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS

Two farmers met on a country road.

"Hello, Si."

"'Lo, Zeke."

"Where ye goin', Si?"

"Down to Bangor to get drunk—and, gosh, how I dread it!"

FUDDLED

A policeman, making his rounds in the early morning, found an inebriated individual standing in a horse trough, and waving his handkerchief over his head.

"Hey, what are you doing there?" asked the "cop."

"Save the women and children first—I can swim!" was the answer.

A BAD REFLECTION

Most of us see ourselves in a pretty good

light—not like the man who came home one night after having had a lot of drinks, and who picked up his hairbrush, thinking it was his hand mirror. He looked at it for a moment, then said to himself:

"Old man, you sure do need a shave!"

THE CORONER'S VERDICT

In a Western mining camp, one of the miners came home one night pretty well "lit up," and got his suspenders tangled about his neck. They found him dead the next morning. The coroner's jury returned the verdict:

"We find that the deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his own pants."

"SH, I'M AN OYSTER!"

Some people like to fool themselves, like the don in Oxford University, who had been indulging in too much wine. He went to his room, sat down in one of those small oval bath tubs they used to use over there, and put another one over his head. When a student entered his room, he said:

"Sh! Don't disturb me; I'm an oyster!"

REAL FRIENDSHIP

Two old cronies who had been drinking too much at the tavern were on their way home late at night, when one of them had the bad luck to fall into the gutter. He found himself unable to rise, and said to his friend:

"Hey, help me up out of this!"

"I can't," said the other man; "I'm too far gone. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll lie down alongside of you!"

ALL THAT HE WANTED

Nowadays, when some men keep their most highly prized possessions in their cellars, the story of an Englishman and his servant is apropos.

The servant gave notice that he was going to leave.

"Well, John," said the master, "I'm sorry you're giving notice. You've been a good man. Can I offer you any inducement to stay?"

"I might consider it," said John, "for three things."

"What are they?"

"More wages, less work, and the keys to your cellar."

COULD LOSE ANYTHING

After a military review of a regiment in England, the band had been entertained "not wisely but too well" by a neighboring landlord. They were returning to town by train. The collector of tickets said to the leader of the band:

"I'll have your tickets, if you please."

The bandsman looked through all his pockets, without finding the tickets. "I'm afraid I've lost them," he said.

"How could you lose all those tickets?" asked the collector.

The bandsman replied: "How could I lose all those tickets? Why, man, I've lost the big bass drum!"

WHAT HE SAID

In a lawsuit, some years ago, it became necessary to establish the fact that a man of wealth came home one evening somewhat the worse for liquor. He denied it, and the other side put his valet on the witness stand.

"Did Mr. Blank do anything when he came home?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir; he went straight to bed."

"Did he say anything?"

"Nothing much; only 'Good night, George.'"

"Is that all he said?"

"Well, pretty nearly all."

"What else did he say?"

"He said, 'Be sure and call me early, George; I'm to be Queen of the May.'"

CAUSE AND EFFECT

A deputy sheriff was sent to levy on some household furniture, to satisfy a judgment. He began by making an inventory of the contents of the dining room. His written list was found a little later. It read about as follows:

"One dining room table
"Six dining room chairs
"One mahogany sideboard
"One decanter whisky, full"

Then the handwriting became almost illegible. The word "full" was crossed out, and the word "empty" was written over it. At the bottom of the sheet of paper could be made out the words, "One revolving door mat."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM

In the old, pre-war days—years ago, in fact—when a drink of what was said to be pretty

good whisky could be bought for ten cents, and the cheap places sold drinks for less, one of the leading hotels in New York charged fifteen cents for a drink.

One day a man walked up to the bar, put down a dime, and said, "Give me a drink of whisky."

The bartender shoved back the dime, saying: "We don't sell ten-cent whisky in this place!"

The man picked up his dime and walked off. "I can't drink that five-cent stuff!" he said.

MUCH MORE CONVENIENT

Something went wrong with one of those tall, very expensive clocks, and the man who owned it, and was very proud of it, would not let anyone take it to the clock-maker's but himself. In fact, he would not trust it even to an automobile. Nothing would do but he must carry it through the streets himself, to the repair shop. It was heavy, and he had to walk very slowly.

On his way he met an individual who had been drinking a bit too much. This chap saw the man approaching with the clock in his arms, and stared hard at him. Then he rubbed his eyes, and stared again. Finally

he walked up to the man with the clock and asked:

"Say, why in blazes don't you carry a watch?"

VICARIOUS SUFFERING

One of the most prominent newspaper publishers in America is a total abstainer from strong drink, but some of the men in his employ do not follow his example.

One night he paid a surprise visit to one of his papers, and asked for the managing editor. "Home sick," was the report, but the owner knew what "sick" meant in that case. He called for the assistant managing editor, and got the same reply. Then he asked for the city editor, and he, also, was home "sick."

The newspaper owner sat down at his desk and said:

"Well, for a man who does not indulge in drink, I think I suffer more from the effects of it than any other man in the world."

WHAT HE NEEDED

A man was told by his doctor that he must stop drinking. To overcome the craving, the doctor told him to eat something every time

he felt like taking a drink. He tried it, and found that it worked pretty well.

One night, however, he was in his hotel room, and heard a strange sound in the next room. Climbing on a chair and looking through the transom, he saw a man in the next room hanging himself.

He rushed from the room, fell down the stairs three steps at a time, and grabbed the hotel clerk.

"S-s-say," he stammered out. "There's a f-f-feller in the next room, the room next—next to mine. He's hanging himself. I saw him. For God's sake, give me a plate of ham and eggs!"

BADLY FUDDLED

A man came home very late one night, after having looked too much on the wine, when it was too red, and tried to make his way along the street at his own front door. He lived on a street that was lined with trees, and as he zigzagged along the pavement he walked into one of the trees, and sat down with a hard bump.

Slowly and painfully he got up on his hands and knees, then on his feet, and lurched for-

ward again, only to collide once more with the same tree. He sat down again, very hard.

A second time he managed to get on his feet, and a third time he walked into the same tree. This time, however, he remained seated on the pavement, and set up a loud wail:

"Lost!" he sobbed. "Lost! Lost in an impenetrable forest!"

AN UNUSUAL REQUEST

A party of traveling men stopped at the only hotel in a little town, and were told by the clerk that he could not accommodate them, as the hotel was filled.

"But I'll tell you what I can do," he said. "See that old church next door to the hotel? We've bought that, and we're going to tear it down and build an annex to the hotel. Now, if you gentlemen wish I can put you up there; you can take your meals here, and you can sleep in the old pews; they're upholstered, and you'll find them very comfortable."

The drummers agreed, and went off to sleep in the church. The clerk sent a bell boy to see that they were made comfortable. In a few minutes the bell boy returned, and said: "Party in Pew Number 26 is yelling for a drink of whisky."

SAVED MARK TWAIN'S JOB

When Mark Twain was a reporter on a weekly paper in Nevada, where he commenced his literary career, he was sent by the editor to report the opening of a new saloon. Mark conceived the brilliant idea of writing his "story" from the viewpoint of a patron of the place, indulging in the drinks that were set up free by the proprietor.

At first the article began with a straight description of the new saloon, but as the imaginary patron drank more and more, the description became more and more incoherent and maudlin, winding up in the unintelligible wanderings of a drunken man.

It was a good piece of writing, and Mark knew it and was proud of it. He turned it in to the office, and went off for a sleep.

The next morning, as he entered the office, and picked up a copy of the paper to look for his "story," he was astonished to find that not a word of it had been printed. In its place were just a few lines telling of the opening of the new saloon. One of the typesetters called him aside.

"Sam," he said, "I saved your job for you last night. You know how the boss won't stand for anyone on the paper drinking. I

took that story of yours and tore it up before the boss could see it."

TAKING IT IN COWS

Si Perkins, the most shiftless farmer in the township, would drink and neglect his farm, in spite of all his wife would do and say. She was always predicting that he would come to no good end unless he mended his ways.

One time he went off on a spree and neglected his livestock to such an extent that all his cows died. When he returned home his wife said:

"Si, this is the judgment of the Lord on you, for the way you've been carrying on."

And Si answered: "Well, Sarah, if the Lord has a judgment against me and wants to take it out in cows, I don't see's how *I* can stop Him." And he went off on another spree.

EATING AND RESTAURANTS

"HASH IN CANDLE SHADES"

The boy had been invited to his first formal dinner, and when he came home the family asked him about it.

"Lot of fancy stuff to eat," he said.

"I heard they were going to have creamed chicken in pretty paper cases," said his sister.

"Oh, that stuff! That wasn't anything but hash in candle shades."

WHERE WAS THE HAM?

"Say, waiter, there's no ham in this ham sandwich you gave me," said a patron of a cheap lunchroom.

"Oh, that's all right," said the waiter, "you ain't come to the ham yet."

The man kept on eating for a few seconds, then called to the waiter:

"No ham yet."

"Oh," said the waiter, "you've bit over it now."

LOST PATRONAGE

A man went into one of those tough city lunchrooms where they serve coffee in thick, ironstone mugs, about half an inch thick, and called for a cup of coffee. When it came, he said to the waiter:

"Hey, where's me saucer?"

"We don't give no saucers in this here place," said the waiter. "We used to give saucers, but some of them there tough mugs

used to drink outer the saucers, an' we lost all our ree-fined trade."

COULDN'T MAKE HIM DO IT

There was a man who was making himself very obnoxious in a Bowery restaurant, so the proprietor called the "bouncer." "Put dat guy out," he said.

The bouncer went to the table of the trouble-maker, and said:

"Hey, bo! Git outer here; take de air!"

The other fellow put up a fight, but soon found himself sitting on the sidewalk. He picked himself up, shook his fist at the door, and said:

"Ye kin' put me out, if ye like, but ye can't make me take no air!"

NOT TO BE SEPARATED

"How much do you want for that goose?" asked a woman of a farmer who had brought a pair of the birds to the market.

"Five dollars for the two," said the farmer.

"But I can't use the two," said the woman. "Can't you sell me just one of them?"

"No," said the farmer, "I ain't goin' to sell one of them birds without the other. They've

been together for thirteen years, to my knowledge, and I ain't got the heart to separate them now."

GOOD ADVICE

The drummer came down to the hotel dining room. He had been up late the night before, business was poor, he had a headache and was feeling blue. So he said to the waitress:

"Nellie, all I want for breakfast this morning is two soft-boiled eggs, a cup of coffee and a few kind words."

The waitress returned with his order. He said, "Nellie, here are the eggs and the coffee, but where are the few kind words?"

"Don't eat them eggs," said Nellie.

A WISE GUEST

Wu Ting Fang, the minister from China some years ago, made a reputation for himself by his witty sayings and funny stories. Among the stories he used to tell was this one:

There was a rich man in China who had a very poor relation. One day the rich man met the poor man on the street, and said to him:

"Come and dine with us to-night."

"Thank you very much," answered the poor man, "but if it is the same to you, I should like

to have you invite me for to-morrow night instead of to-night."

"Very well; but where are you dining to-night?"

"At your house; your kind and honorable wife was good enough to invite me for to-night."

HELP FOR A STARVING MAN

This happened in California, where they have Chinese servants. Early one Monday morning, one of them was out in the back-yard, hanging up the family wash, when a tramp looked over the fence and said:

"Oh, John, can you give me a bite to eat? I'm starving; I haven't had anything to eat for a week."

"You hungly?" said John.

"John, I'm starving to death; I'm so hungry that I've even forgotten what food looks like."

"You likee fish?" asked John.

"I'd like anything to eat, John, just anything at all; but I *am* fond of fish."

"Allee light," said John. "Come Fliday."

ON A DIMINISHING SCALE

The captain of the ocean steamship was entertaining some of the passengers at dinner at

his own table, on the first night out from New York; the wind was beginning to freshen, and the ship was commencing to roll. The captain said:

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip, and that this little company of twenty-four will reach port safely. As I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces, I feel happy, for I am responsible for all seventeen of you. I hope that the thirteen of you will join me in drinking to a pleasant voyage. I believe that we seven fellow passengers will be very congenial, and I am glad that I chose you three from the passenger list. You and I, my dear sir—Here, steward, clear away those dishes and bring on the soup."

"WORDS WITH THE COOK"

An American practical joker once went into a restaurant in London, and said to the waiter:

"I want two fried eggs—one fried on one side, and one fried on the other."

The waiter looked puzzled, and said, "Would you mind repeatin' your order, sir?" The American did so, and the waiter went off to the kitchen, shaking his head as though he did not quite understand.

There was the sound of an argument in the kitchen, and the waiter came out in a hurry, just ahead of a frying pan that missed his head by the fraction of an inch. He returned to the American's table, and said:

"Beggin' your parding, sir, but would you mind changin' your horder to boiled eggs? I've 'ad words with the cook!"

NO USE FOR THE SPOON

In Denver, there was a merchant who sold goods to the ranch owners, and who used to entertain his customers when they came to town. One day one of his best customers arrived from the range, and the Denver man took him to dinner at the best hotel in the city.

All through the meal the city man was mortified to see the rancher eat with his knife. But it was a good account, and the merchant did not want to offend the man by calling his attention to the fact that the fork was intended for use. When they reached the end of the meal, and the waiter cleared away the table and brought the coffee, the guest said to the host:

"Say, that waiter took away my fork."

"Well," said the other man, "we're about through with the meal, and you won't need your fork any more."

"I won't, hey? What'll I stir my coffee with?"

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION

A noted zoologist, in London, invited a party of friends to dinner. The meal commenced with a soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the host. One guest said, "It is good; I thought that it was green turtle, but I did not find in it any pieces of turtle meat or fat." Another guest said, "I liked it, but it seemed to me to have just a bit of a peculiar flavor."

"Well," said the host, "all alligators have, especially the kind I was dissecting this morning."

The guests turned pale; half a dozen got up hastily and left the table. A few, however, remained, and stuck it out until the end of the meal. Then the host turned to them with:

"See what imagination can do. If I had told you that it was green turtle, or terrapin, or bird's nest soup, or something else that you had heard about, it would not have affected any of you."

"But was it really alligator soup?" asked one guest.

"It was as good a calf's head as ever left the butcher's shop," said the host.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER

A gentleman who often entertained his friends at dinner was annoyed by the habit of one of them, who pitched into the bread before grace was said, and determined to cure him of the habit. He said grace, therefore, in the following words:

"Lord, for what we are about to receive, and for what our friend Thompson has already received, make us truly thankful."

IT MADE HIM MAD

A farmhand was complaining about his employer's wife.

"I was settin' at the table the other mornin'," he said, "an' she says to me:

"'Bill,' she says, 'do ye know how many pancakes you've et this mornin'?' An' I says, 'Well, Mis' Perkins, I ain't counted 'em.' An' she says, 'Well, you et twenty-six.' An' ye know, it made me so gosh-darned mad I left the table without eatin' any breakfast."

WALKING GOOD ENOUGH

A man was eating some chestnuts—the kind you buy at the street corner, with no guarantee—and he exclaimed suddenly:

"Ugh! There was a worm in that chestnut!"

"Here," said his friend, "take a drink of water; wash it down."

"Wash it down nothing! Let the beggar walk!"

TOO MUCH FOR PAT

Pat was on his first visit to Paris, and he was hungry when he entered a restaurant, but, being totally ignorant of the French language, he did not know how to order any food. So he tried the old "hit and miss" method; that is, he beckoned to a waiter, took up the menu, and pointed to something on it. The waiter went away, and returned soon with a plate of soup. "Not so bad," said Pat.

He pointed to another item, a little further down, and the garçon came back with a bunch of table celery. This was new to Pat, but he ate it, leaves and all. Then, his hunger still unsatisfied, he pointed again to the bill of fare.

This time the waiter was gone much longer, and when he came back he had with him a

broiled lobster. This was too much for Pat. "No," he said, "no! I've drunk yer dish water, an' I've et your bouquet—but I'll be dommed if I ate your bugs!"

A TWO-DOLLAR TRICK

A traveling man once devised a scheme which, he thought, would insure him good service at the hotels at which he stopped, without spending any money for tips.

The first day, at breakfast, he would call the waiter, and place a two-dollar bill at the side of his plate, where the waiter could not fail to see it. Then he would say: "I'm a man who likes good service, and I'll be here a few days." Naturally, the waiter would jump to the conclusion that the bill would be his reward, and the drummer get the best attention. But when his stay was up he'd leave between meals, and the waiter would get nothing.

The drummer worked the trick at a certain hotel in the South, and then didn't stay there again for several months. When he got back he thought, of course, that there would be a new waiter, or that the old one would not recognize him. But the old waiter did know him, and said to him, the first morning:

"Say, would you mind playin' dat two-dollar

trick of yours on the new waiter of ours ovah there? He's the meanest man what we got in the house."

FATHER AND SON

LOGICAL

"Bill," the farmer said to his son, "go out to the barn and hitch the horse to the old sleigh."

"Why not the new one?" asked Bill.

"I always believe in using up the old first," answered the father.

"In that case," replied Bill, "why don't you go out yourself and hitch up the sleigh?"

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

A farmer and his son were working in a field, when the old man tripped on the stump of a tree, and fell. He got up and said:

"Gosh durn that stump! I wish it was in h—l!"

"Pop, I wouldn't say that," said the boy. "You might stumble over that stump again some day."

WASHINGTON'S RECORD

"Son," said the father, "I am ashamed of you for getting such poor marks in school.

Why, don't you know that when George Washington was your age he was already a surveyor?"

"Yes," said the boy, "and when he was your age he was the commander-in-chief of the American army."

"GRACE BEFORE MEALS"

A little boy was invited to luncheon at a home that was conducted with proper regard for religious observances. In his own home there was no such thing, and when the family whom he was visiting bowed their heads in saying the grace before meals, he failed to do so.

The father of the family said to him:

"Son, doesn't your father say anything before you start to eat?"

"Sure," said the boy. "He says, 'Easy with the butter, kids, it's sixty cents a pound.' "

THE SON'S SUGGESTION

After working hard for many years and building up a business in which he made a large fortune, a merchant began to train his son to carry it on. But the son had other ideas.

One day the father said:

"Son, I'm thinking of retiring from business. I believe we're in such shape now that things could go on without my active supervision."

The son reflected for a moment. "Father," he said, "how would it be if you just kept on working a few years longer, and then we could retire together?"

JUST TO LOOK WELL

John Paul Jones, the famous American naval commander, was the son of the head gardener of the Earl of Selkirk, in Scotland. In the earl's garden were two summer houses, next to each other.

One day the earl, taking a walk in his garden, noticed a man locked up in one of the summer houses, and in the other was young Jones. The earl called the gardener and asked him:

"Why are those two locked up in the summer houses?"

"Your lordship," answered the gardener, "I caught the rascal stealing some of your fruit."

"But there are two. What has your son done; is he guilty, also?"

"Oh, no, please your lordship; I just put him in for symmetry."

JUST LIKE FATHER

The father of a college student had old-fashioned ideas, so when the young man came home for a vacation, all dressed up in the very latest "collegiate" style, the old man did not approve of him. He eyed him up and down, and then said:

"Son, you look like a d——d fool."

The young man did not care to argue with his father. Later in the afternoon, a friend of the family, having heard of the young man's return, came to pay his respects. After greeting the father and son cordially, he said to the young man:

"John, you're getting to look more and more like your father!"

"Yes," said John, "so father was telling me."

PA DIDN'T LIKE IT

A minister was seated in his study in a small town, when he heard a small boy crying in the street. He went out and found a boy standing alongside a hay wagon from which the load had been upset. The hay was lying in a heap in the street.

"Don't cry, my lad," said the minister. "We'll see that your hay is all picked up. Have

you had your dinner? No? Well, come inside and have some with me."

"Pa won't like it," said the boy.

"Oh, that will be all right," said the minister. "Your father will not mind if you have dinner with me. Come in."

Again the boy said, "Pa won't like it," but the minister insisted, so they went in and ate dinner.

"Have another piece of pie," said the minister, but the boy only replied, as before, "Pa won't like it."

Finally the minister took him out again, and said, "Now we'll go about getting the hay back on the wagon. I'll see that no harm comes to the hay, while you go and tell your pa to come here."

"Pa's under the hay," said the boy.

FEAR AND COWARDICE

GLAD HE WASN'T IN IT

An old mountaineer, in the Kentucky feud country, was afraid, one night, that his enemies were planning to "get" him very soon. He went to sleep with his gun standing at the head of his bed. His shirt was hanging on the opposite wall.

In the night he had a nightmare, and woke up to see the shirt waving in a breeze. He grabbed his gun, and sent a bullet through the garment.

There being no further disturbance, he got up to investigate, and found the bullet hole clean through the middle of the shirt.

"Lawd," he said, "I reckon I'm mighty glad I wasn't inside that shirt!"

A LUCKY HIT

An Englishman and a Frenchman once had a quarrel, and found that the only way in which to settle their differences was by means of a duel. They were to fight with pistols.

Both of them, however, were cowards, and they agreed to fight in a room that was perfectly dark. By the terms of their agreement, the Englishman was to fire first.

When the signal was given, he groped his way to the hearth, and fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman.

FISHING

FISHING FOR "SNIGS"

A man once saw a small boy fishing on the edge of a brook, and stopped to talk with him.

"What are you fishing for, my boy?" he asked.

"Snigs," said the boy.

"Snigs, snigs?" said the man. "And what are snigs?"

"I don't know," said the boy; "I never caught any."

A WORK OF NECESSITY

One Sunday a minister, on his way to church, saw a bunch of boys busily engaged in digging in the ground. He stopped to reprove them for working on the Sabbath.

"Boys," he said, "don't you know that you must never work on the Lord's Day, save in case of great necessity?"

"This is a case of necessity, minister," said one of the boys; "we can't go fishin' without worms for bait."

ONLY FISHIN'

A man who likes to use big words was taking a walk and ran across a boy sitting on the bank of a river.

"Adolescent," asked the man, "are you not endeavoring to induce members of the finny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths

a barbed hook, upon which you have affixed a dainty allurement?"

"Naw," said the "kid," "I'm fishin'."

A DESCRIPTION OF A FISH

"Bob" Davis, who is well known as an editor and a writer, was quoted some years ago as saying that he was once dining in a restaurant in London, and noted "whiting" on the bill of fare.

He called the waiter, and asked:

"What is whiting?"

"Whiting, sir? Why, whiting is a fish."

"Yes, I know that," said Mr. Davis. "But what kind of fish is it? What does it taste like?"

The waiter looked puzzled for a few seconds, and then said:

"Why, sir, a whiting is like a 'addock, sir—only more refined."

"COME INSIDE"

An angler went fishing in a district that was new to him, and took his seat on the bank of a little stream, above which rose a high brick wall. It was the wall of the state insane asylum, but he did not know that.

He sat in the hot sun for about three hours, and then heard a voice above him saying:

"Hey, mister, what are you doing there?"

The angler looked up, and saw a man's head above the wall.

"I'm fishing," he said.

"Caught anything?"

"Not yet."

"Got a bite yet?"

"No, nary a bite."

"How long have you been fishing, mister?"

"About three hours."

"'Bout three hours? Come inside."

DISAPPOINTED HOPES

Bert Williams, the famous colored comedian, used to tell his audiences about the time when, as a small boy, he was very "hard up," and eked out his tiny income by catching trout in a brook in his native town, and selling them to the white folks thereabout. Sometimes he was quite fortunate, but at other times he found it difficult to sell his catch.

One Saturday he caught a fine string of trout, but nobody wanted to buy them. He went in vain from one door to another, until

finally there was only one house left—and that one was on a high hill, several hundred feet high. Tired with trying to sell his fish, Bert climbed slowly and laboriously to the top of the hill, knocked at the door of that last house, and when a man came to the door, said:

"Mister, don't you want to buy a nice string of fish? Fresh caught trout, mister; I just caught them this mornin'."

"No," said the man, "we don't want any fish to-day."

"But, mister," pleaded Bert, "these is very fine fish, an' I'll sell 'em to you very cheap, mister; only fifty cents for the whole string."

"No," said the man again, and when Bert brought out another "But, mister," he said, "No; get out of here!"

Bert saw that it was no use, and went away. When he got to the foot of the hill, he sat down to rest and, happening to look back, he saw the man at the door of the house, beckoning him to return. Slowly and painfully he climbed the hill again. And when he got to the top he heard the man say:

"And we won't want any fish next Saturday, neither!"

GOLF

FROM A "FRESH" CADDY

One of those golf players who ought to play with spades instead of clubs caught the caddy laughing at him several times, and finally said to the boy:

"Any more impudence out of you, and I'll break one of my clubs over your head!"

"Yah!" said the "kid." "Betcher a dollar you wouldn't even know which was the right club to use!"

"STORY WITHOUT WORDS"

An enthusiastic golfer once invited his minister to play a round of golf with him. The minister teed off first, and made a terrific swing at the ball with his driver. He scored a clean miss, and stood in silence with his head bowed down, looking at the undisturbed ball.

After he had stood thus for a minute or two, the other man said:

"Parson, that was the most profane silence I ever heard!"

TURN AND TURN ABOUT

A Scotchman once invited an English friend to play with him on one of the famous Scotch

links. As Sandy holed out on the first green, the Englishman asked him, "How many strokes did you take for that one?"

"Eight," replied the honest Scot.

"Ah, that's too bad," said the "Sassenach"; "my score was only seven, so it's my hole."

The Scotchman conceded it without a word. On the second green, the Englishman asked again how many strokes the Scot had needed for the hole. "Na, na," returned the canny Scot, "mon, 'tis my turn to be askin' the question."

AN AID TO THE GAME

In a group of golfers on a famous Scotch links there was a minister of the Gospel who was horrified by the language used by his fellow players when they topped or sliced the ball, or foozled an approach, or did any of the other foolish things that golfers do at times.

He said to his caddy: "Andy, is it no a terrible thing the way yon men use profane language? It doesna help one to play the game, and, besides, 'tis a verra wicked thing."

"Weel, minister," answered the caddy, "maybe it doesna help in playin' the game, and it may be verra wicked—but, man, it's a grand help in conversation!"

HE HADN'T TRIED IT

There was a visitor to a links with which he was not acquainted, and in trying to get around the course he was guilty of about every fault of which a player can be guilty. There wasn't a bunker or a gully or a brook that he didn't find with his ball, he played the wrong ball, and his stance was something awful. After some very desperate attempts, he said to the caddy, who had been watching him with disgust:

"Caddy, this is the most difficult course I ever played on!"

Said the caddy: "How do you know it is? You haven't played on it yet!"

A TREAT FOR THE "KID"

Every golfer knows that one of the most exasperating experiences he can have is to feel that his caddy is laughing at him, even though the caddy keeps his face straight and conceals his feelings.

Once a caddy asked permission of his employer to take a young friend of his with them over the course. The golfer gave his permission—but he was sorry a little later that he had done so, when he made a perfectly terrible

mess of a stroke, and the caddy turned to the other "kid" with:

"There, Bobby, ain't you glad you came with us instead of goin' to the circus?"

A GOLF STORY BY CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie used to tell a story about a caddy who carried the bags for many years at Saint Andrews, and met many of the great men who played on the famous links.

Once a distinguished American came, and the local authorities arranged a public dinner in his honor. Tammas, the caddy, wanted to attend the banquet, and applied to the bailiff in charge of the arrangements, for a ticket. He was met with a decided rebuff. "Na, na," said the bailiff, "there'll be some of the greatest men in the twa kingdoms at the dinner; 'twill not be for the likes of you to be sittin' wi' them."

Tammas waxed very indignant. "Not for the likes of me!" he said. "I'll have ye know that I hae been in the company o' great men maist days from eleven to four, the past thirty years!"

HE MISSED IT

An old retired farmer lived next to a golf links, and was friendly with many of the mem-

bers. For a long time they tried to induce him to join the club, but he resisted their invitation. Finally, however, he gave in, joined the club, and presented himself for instruction in the game.

They explained the uses of the various clubs to him, after telling him that the object was to hit the little white ball and make it drop into the cup. As they gathered about the old man he took his driver, and hit the ball an awful wallop. It sailed away out of sight.

They hunted for it for a time, and at last found it lying, by pure chance, six inches from the cup. As they assembled about the old man to congratulate him on his wonderful first shot, he looked down at the ball and said:

"Gosh, I missed it!"

HEALTH

IN A "BIT OF A 'OLE"

In the East End of London, where much of the living is done hand to mouth, a cockney fell ill, and the first report of the doctor was discouraging. "I'm afraid your husband hasn't got very long to live," he said to the man's wife. "I'll be around to-morrow to look at him again."

The next day the doctor's report was still gloomy, but the third day the patient showed decided signs of recovery, and on the fourth he was out of danger.

"Well, missus," said the doctor, "your man is going to pull through all right."

"Puts me in a bit of a 'ole, though," said the woman. "I've gone and sold all his clothes for the funeral."

"NOTHING TRIVIAL"

When Irvin Cobb first came to New York, he worked as a reporter on the New York "World." The city editor was a man who was very well known as a good newspaper man, but also as a martinet and the possessor of a terrible temper.

Cobb did something that displeased him, and he gave the future story teller and humorist what is known as "a good bawling out."

The next night Cobb reported for duty again, and noted that the city editor was not at his desk. "Where's the old man to-night?" he asked one of the other reporters.

"He's home sick," said the other man.

"Oh, dear me!" said Cobb. "I hope it's nothing trivial!"

HEBREW

BUSINESS FIRST

A Hebrew storekeeper lay dying. The family was gathered around the bedside. His wife was trying to rouse him.

"Look, Isaac," she said, "ve're all here—me, your vife, and all der children, Jakey and Mosey and Benny and Rachel and Rebecca. Look, ve're all here!"

The dying man opened one eye. "Is dot so?" he asked. "And who is minding der store?"

THE RABBI AND THE PRIEST

There were a Roman Catholic priest and a rabbi who were great personal friends, and who liked to "josh" each other.

One day they were seated next to each other at a public dinner. One of the dishes that was served was roast ham.

Said the priest to the rabbi:

"Doctor Cohen, when are you going to become liberal enough in your views to partake of this delicious meat?"

"I promise you, Father Kelly," said the rabbi, "that I will do so on one occasion."

"And when will that be?"

"At your wedding."

PAID FOR THEM ONCE

The Hoffman House, in New York, torn down long ago to make room for a business building, was noted for the paintings, the mirrors, and so on, that adorned its bar-room.

A Hebrew kicked one day because they charged him twenty-five cents for a drink. "Vy," he said, "I can get der same drink anyvere in der city for fifteen cents."

"Yes," said the bartender, "but just look at the fine paintings and mirrors and other wonderful fittings you see here. They have to be paid for."

The Hebrew kicked no more, but paid for the drink. The next day he came again, and put down fifteen cents on the bar. "Gif me a drink," he said; "see; I got my eyes shut!"

"SAY ME A BIG VORD"

A certain manufacturer of cloaks and suits had accumulated a lot of money, and was bitten by the "movie" bug. That is, he wanted to go into the business. So he bought himself a big theater, and looked about for a manager. Someone had told him that the best executives were to be found among college men, and he decided that no one but a man with a degree would do.

To the first likely looking applicant he said:

"Are you a collich man?"

"Yes," said the applicant, "Yale, 1922."

"Vell, show me your diploma."

The college man explained that it was not customary for a bachelor of arts to carry his sheepskin around with him.

The cloak-and-suiter wasn't altogether satisfied. So he said to the young man:

"Vell, say me a big vord!"

LONG TIME TO FIND OUT

A train was pulling out of Chicago, going west, when the travelers in the day coach noticed an old man, evidently a foreigner, sitting by himself, beginning to weep. He kept it up all that day, and was still crying when the other passengers left the coach for their berths.

The next day he cried all day, and the third day, also. By that time it had got on the others' nerves, and one man went up to the old fellow and said:

"Say, old man, we've noticed how you've sat there and cried steadily for three days. Now, it's none of our business, perhaps, and yet we hate to see you sit there and cry. Is there anything we can do to help you?"

"Oy, oy," wept the old man, "for three days already I'm on the wrong train!"

CONTEMPT OF COURT

Cohen was a merchant of high standing in the community, and he had never been in difficulty with the law. His friends were greatly shocked, therefore, to learn that he had been sent to jail for three months for contempt of court.

One of them visited him in the prison, and asked him:

"How is it, Mr. Cohen, that you, a man of respectability and good judgment, are here in jail for contempt of court?"

"Vell," said Cohen, "it vas dis vay: I vas called to be a vitness in a case, and der judge began to ask me qvestions. He said, 'Your name is Cohen, is it not?' And I said, 'Yes, your honor.' 'You have a clothing store on Main Street?' 'Yes, your honor.' Then he asked, 'You are of the Hebrew faith, are you not?'

"And I said, 'Ah, judge, don't be a d——n fool!'"

"ALL DOT FOR VUN HAM SANDWICH!"

A Hebrew gentleman was once traveling in

the country—this was in the old days of the horse and buggy, when it took a long time to get from one place to another—and found himself overtaken by nightfall, far from his boarding house. Besides, there was a heavy thunderstorm approaching, and one could hear the first mutterings of the thunder. The storm was going to break any minute.

So the traveler took refuge at the nearest farmhouse, and asked permission to stay there until the storm was over. The farmer was a good, hospitable soul, and, thinking that the traveler might be hungry, brought out something for him to eat. But he made a slight mistake—he brought out a ham sandwich.

The hungry Hebrew, who had never before tasted ham, went off to a far corner of the porch to eat it, where no one could see him. The sky was getting blacker and blacker, the lightning was flashing, and the thunder was rolling. He raised the sandwich to his lips, but could not bring himself to bite into it. Finally, however, his hunger got the better of his religious scruples, and he put it between his teeth.

Just then the storm broke with a terrific crash of thunder. He dropped the sandwich, plate and all, and looked up at the sky.

"My God!" he said, "all dot for vun ham sandwich!"

WOKE UP THE WRONG MAN

A traveling man, of the Hebraic faith, entered a hotel in a Southern city late one night—it was almost midnight—and said to the clerk:

"I vant a room, and I must be voke up at five o'clock in the morning, to catch a train."

"I'm sorry," said the clerk, "but we haven't an empty room in the house."

"Vell, I got to have a place to sleep; and remember, you must vake me up at five in der morning."

Again the clerk said, "I'm sorry, but we have no rooms."

"Ain't you got some place to put me?"

"There's only one thing I can do for you," said the clerk; "I can give you the nigger porter's bed."

The drummer scratched his head, thought for a moment, and said:

"I don't like to sleep in no nigger's bed, but if I must I must. But remember, I must be voke at five in der morning."

The clerk promised to have him awakened

at five; the drummer paid for the bed, in order to have no delay in the morning, and then he went down to sleep in the porter's bed. At midnight the porter went off duty, and found the drummer asleep in his bed. It made him mad, and he said to himself:

"If that there white man's goin' to sleep in mah bed, he's goin' to be a nigger like mah-self."

So he took a piece of burnt cork, blacked up the drummer's face without waking him, and went off to sleep somewhere else.

Five o'clock came; the clerk kept his word and had the drummer awakened. He grabbed his grip, and rushed over to the railroad station. "Give me a ticket for Birmingham," he said to the ticket agent.

"We don't sell tickets to niggers here," said the agent. "Go over to that other window."

"Vat do you mean?' asked the drummer. "I ain't no nigger."

"Oh, you're not! Go over to the mirror and take a look at yourself."

The drummer went to the mirror, took a look at himself, dropped his grip and said:

"My God! Dey voke the nigger up and let me sleep!"

HOSPITALITY

NOT VERY HOSPITABLE

A woman who was very wealthy, but also very stingy, moved into a new home, one feature of which was a large and beautiful dining room.

A visitor said to her:

"What a wonderful dining room you have!"

"Yes," answered the woman, "we can seat twenty people here, God forbid!"

MORE TO BE DESIRED

A certain English lord lived in a magnificent house, but he was known among his friends and acquaintances for the stinginess with which his table was set.

One day he had guests for dinner, and after the meal he showed off to them the wonders of his house.

"It is beautiful," said one of the guests, "but for my part I should rather see less gilding and more carving."

ALL OUT

A man called at a friend's house, on a very cold day.

"Is your master in?" he asked of the servant who answered the door bell.

"No, sir, he's out."

"Is your mistress in?"

"No, sir, she's out."

"Well, I'll just step in and warm myself at the fire."

"Sorry, sir," said the servant, "but that's out, too."

"DOMESTIC AFFLICTION"

In the board schools in a city in England, there was a printed list of reasons for which the pupils could claim the right to remain at home. Once a girl asked permission of the teacher to remain away the following day, saying that her mother expected company.

"I cannot find any such excuse on the list," said the teacher.

"Please, teacher," asked the girl, "couldn't it come under the head of 'Domestic Affliction?' "

OVERSTAYED HIS WELCOME

"Don't overstay your welcome," is a good rule, as the Quaker's guest found out.

He had been invited to spend the week end

at the Quaker's house, but he remained another week or two without being asked. Then his host said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid thee will never see me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor, "I have enjoyed my visit very much; I shall certainly come again."

"Nay," said the Quaker, "I think thee will not visit me again."

"Why not?" asked the guest.

"If thee does never leave," said the Quaker, "how canst thee come again?"

HE COULDN'T QUIT

There was a society woman who gave two or three formal dinner parties during the season—long, pompous, dull affairs that bored to death most of the people who went to them.

Once, after dinner, one of the guests, a man, finding himself standing near another, and liking his looks, said:

"Say, you seem to be a pretty good sort of fellow. This place is awful dull. Suppose we slip out and go somewhere to enjoy ourselves."

"I'd like to, very much," said the other fellow. "But I can't—this is my wife's dinner party."

HUNTING

THE NEXT BEST THING

A wealthy man was out shooting one September afternoon, but, being a very poor shot, had not succeeded in bagging any birds. Finally, his gun bearer pointed out to him a large covey, and said:

"There they are, sir! Let drive at them now!"

The hunter fired, but the shot went wild. The birds, of course, all flew off with a whir.

"Well, sir," said the gun bearer, "ye've missed, but ye've made them shift their quarters!"

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Two men went out hunting in the West, and had the misfortune to have used up all their ammunition when they ran across a big, stray buffalo bull. He was a vicious animal, and he charged the two men, chasing one of them into a nearby cave and the other up a tree.

There the animal kept them, charging first against the tree and then against the mouth of the cave, so that the man in the tree had no chance to climb down and run, and the fellow in the cave had also no chance to get away.

But he kept popping in and out of the mouth of the cave, each time attracting the attention of the bull and getting chased back.

"Hey, you darn fool!" yelled the man in the tree, "Why don't you stay in that cave, and maybe this fool animal will get tired and go away."

"Darn fool yourself!" yelled back the other man. "There's a grizzly bear in this cave!"

INSANITY

A FOXY LUNATIC

As a visitor to an insane asylum walked about the grounds, he noticed one of the inmates wheeling a wheelbarrow upside down.

"That's no way to push that thing," said the visitor. "You've got it upside down."

"Oh, have I?" answered the lunatic. "Well, I used to push it the other way, and they put bricks in it."

LOGICAL, ANYWAY

A visitor to an insane asylum had to leave at a certain time to catch a train.

His watch was stopped, so he went into the office to look at the clock there. There was no

one in the office but one of the inmates. The visitor said to him, "Is that clock correct?"

"You darn fool," said the inmate, "if that clock kept correct time, would it be here?"

HE GAVE UP HOPE

There was a man once in an insane asylum whose case was not very bad; the doctors held out good hope for his recovery, and one day one of them slapped him on the back and said:

"Well, old man, you're getting along fine! You can go to your room and write to your folks at home that you'll be with them within two weeks."

The man was overjoyed, and went at once to his room to write the letter. He finished it and addressed the envelope, then took out a stamp. He had just licked it when it slipped out of his fingers and landed, sticky side down, on the back of a cockroach that happened to be passing just at that moment.

The man looked down, saw the stamp run zigzag across the room, climb up the wainscoting, and then disappear in a crack. Then the poor fellow tore up the letter and said:

"Home in two weeks—h—l! I won't be out of here in three years!"

INSURANCE

A VERY BAD MAN

The insurance company's doctor was a very jovial soul, and liked to "kid" the men whom he examined for policies. Once he had before him a middle-aged man—one of the henpecked kind, with mutton-chop whiskers.

"Do you drink?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, heavens, no!"

"Do you smoke?"

"Not at all, sir!"

"Do you chew tobacco, or swear, or stay out late at night?"

"I am addicted to none of those practices, sir!"

"Well, haven't you any vices at all?" asked the doctor.

"W-e-l-l, sometimes I chew a little gum."

WHY HE DIDN'T GET THE POLICY

A man who had been living a life that was, to put it mildly, a little irregular, wanted to have his life insured, and applied to a friend, an agent for a big company, for a policy. The agent sent the company's doctor to examine the applicant, and that was the last he heard of it for a time.

Meeting his friend on the street, he said, "Say, George, how about that life insurance policy of mine? Don't I get it?"

"Well," said the agent, "you know, in our company it is the custom for the doctor, after he examines a man, to take a chart of the human body, and he punches a hole in it wherever he finds anything wrong."

"Oh, is that so, George? Did the doctor do that in my case?"

"He sure did; and he took the chart home and put it on his player-piano, and it played "Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

IRISH

"ENTIRELY SPACHELESS"

Pat was digging a well, and had it down to a considerable depth, when he fell in.

"Pat, Pat!" called his wife, looking down. "Is it dead ye are?"

"No," answered Pat, "but I'm entirely spacheless."

ALL RIGHT SO FAR

An Irishman working on the fifteenth story of a building had the misfortune to fall off his scaffold.

As he went past the tenth story someone heard him say to himself, "Well, so far I'm all right!"

NO MAIL FOR BOSSY

An Irishman whose name was Michael Howe went to the postoffice and said to the clerk:

"Say, is there any letter here for Mike Howe?"

"No," said the clerk, "there's no letter here for your cow, or for anybody else's cow!"

THEY WOULD

During the War, an Irish officer had a bunch of recruits concerning whose fighting qualities he was not at all sure.

He said to them:

"Men, will yez fight or will yez run?"

"We will!" said the men.

"Thank yez, me men; I knew yez would!"

PLEASURE IN ONE'S WORK

Some people find pleasure in their work, without thought of the material reward.

There was, for example, the Irishman who was employed by a firm of housewreckers.

"'Tis a fine job I have now," he said to a

friend. " 'Tis meself is pullin' down a Protestant church an' gettin' paid for doin' it."

A HARD JOB

Among the specimens of the Irish "bull" that are given in some of the old books is the one which the Irish Parliament was guilty of, when it ordered that a new jail should be built out of the materials of the old one, "the prisoners to remain in the old one until the new one should be ready."

AN IRISHMAN'S REPLY

An Irishman who was very homely, but a great flirt, was walking along the street one day, when he met a girl.

"Ah, there, my pretty maid!"

She took a good look at him, and said:

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment, sir."

"You would if you lied like I did!" said he.

WHAT HE'D HAVE

"What will you have?" asked an Irish landlord of a tenant who had called on him to pay his rent, "a glass of whisky, a glass of port or a tumblerful of punch?"

"Thank you," said Paddy, "I believe I'll begin with the glass of port, and then I'll try the whisky while your honor is preparing the punch."

MUCH BETTER

Being good friends, an Irish priest and a lawyer of the same race could never resist the temptation to poke fun at each other.

"Father," said the lawyer, "I wish that you were Saint Peter."

"Why?" asked the priest.

"Because you would hold the keys of Heaven, and might let me in."

"Faith," said the priest, "it would be better for you if I had the keys of the other place, and could let you out."

SO WOULD THE GERMANS

In the World War, a captain in the American army had men of several nationalities in his company. One day, before the regiment sailed for France, a soldier of Irish descent was up before the captain for some infraction of military discipline.

"You Irish," said the captain, "give me more trouble than any other men in my company!"

"Wait till we get to France, captain," said

the offender, "and the Germans will be saying the same thing."

NICE, SWEET JOB

An Irishman who worked for the city came home one evening after a very hot summer's day and began to "kick" at his wife for not having his supper ready on time.

"What do yez mane by talkin' to me that way?" she said to him. "Here I am all day, slavin' me health an' strength away over the washtub on a hot day like this, and you down in your nice, cool sewer!"

AN IRISH BIRD

Pat, fresh from a little town in the interior of Ireland, had never seen a parrot, so when he reached New York and passed a bird shop, with a big parrot displayed outside, he stopped to admire the bird. Perhaps he was attracted by the vivid green color.

He stood there for a minute or so, when the bird opened his mouth and said:

"Hello, hello, hello!"

Pat took his hat off his head and made a low bow to the parrot. "Oh, excuse me, sorr!" he said. "I thought ye were a birrrd!"

SO WOULD SHE

A stout Irishwoman, past middle age, and carrying a big market basket, got into a crowded street car on a Saturday night, and wedged herself in next to a well dressed young man, of the kind that used to be called "dude."

He did not like being crowded, and showed his displeasure by moving over as far as he could, and turning up his nose. She eyed him for a moment, and then said:

"Maybe you'd rather be havin' a gentleman sittin' next to ye?"

"I certainly would," he replied.

"And so would I," said she.

WHAT HE HAD READ

An Irishman was being examined for admission to citizenship.

"Have you read the Constitution of the United States?" asked the judge.

"No, sorr," said the Irishman.

"Have you read the Constitution of the State?"

"No, sorr."

"Have you read the Declaration of Independence?"

"No, sorr."

"Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hairs on the back of me neck."

LAST WORDS

Grogan was dying, and he asked his wife and children to listen to his last instructions.

"There's Finnerty," he said; "he owes us ten dollars."

"'Tis a blessed thing," she said, "that ye still have all your senses."

"And there's Gilligan; he owes us fifteen dollars."

"How wonderful it is," she said to the others, "to see the poor man speakin' so sensible like!"

"And don't forget," said Grogan, "that we owe four dollars to the butcher."

"Oh," she said, "will ye listen to the man ravin'!"

WRONG WORKING CONDITIONS

An Irishman got tired of working on the railroad, and got a job as a deep sea diver.

They sent him down on his first job, and he had hardly been lowered when he gave the signal to be pulled up again. They stood him on deck and pulled off his helmet and asked why he had come up so soon.

"I'm leavin' the job," he said. "I'll not be workin' at anythin' where I can't spit on me hands!"

AN INSULT TO THE DEAD

Clancy, who had been a day laborer, but had risen by hard work to wealth as a contractor, died, and his numerous friends honored him by sending many beautiful floral pieces to his house.

They led the sorrowing widow in to see the flowers. Among them was a very large and beautiful anchor, typifying "Hope."

When Mrs. Clancy's eyes lit upon the anchor, she forgot her grief for the moment. With eyes blazing, she straightened up and demanded:

"Who the divvil sint thot pick?"

OH, WELL, THAT WAS DIFFERENT!

Two Irishmen, hailing from different towns, were bragging about the athletic ability of the men of their respective places.

"We've got one man there," said one of them, "who can make a standing jump, backward, of forty feet."

"What, forty feet backward, from a standstill?"

"Sure."

"Did you see him do it?"

"No, but I heard about it."

"The man that says he can do that is a liar."

"I wouldn't say that, Tim; 'twas your own cousin Dinny that did it."

"Oh, me cousin Dinny! Well, *he* might do it."

HIS NAME WAS COHEN

During an election in New York's lower East Side, where they were not very particular years ago about the rights of voters, a tough citizen entered the polls. In his hand there was a slip of paper at which he kept glancing from time to time.

"What's your name?" asked an election officer.

"Me name's Isaac Cohen," said the tough guy, whose ancestors had palpably come from the Emerald Isle.

"What!" yelled the inspector.

From one of the watchers at the polls came a voice:

"Don't let 'im bluff you, Gilligan. Soitnly, yer name's Cohen!"

FOR THE NEIGHBORS ONLY

An Irishman in a small town had recently been married to a young woman who carried economy to an extreme—in fact, she was very stingy, and the neighbors even said that she did not give her husband enough to eat.

Late one afternoon he was working in the garden, when his wife came out of the back door of the house, and called out, very loudly:

"Pat, come in to your tea and your toast and your marmalade and your three poached eggs."

He went inside and said:

"For the love of Heaven, Norah, were you tryin' to 'kid' me?"

"Not at all, Pat; 'tis the neighbors I'm 'kiddin'."

"THE OTHER FELLOW"

Kelly came home from work one evening all bunged up. One eye was black, his nose was cut, and he looked as though he had been in the ring with the heavyweight champion.

"An' what's happened to you?" asked his wife.

"Norah," said Kelly "you mind that feller Schwartzenheimer that works in the mill alongside o' me?"

"What!" shouted Norah. "D'ye mean to tell me that Schwartzenheimer did all that to you? Shame on you for a fightin' Irishman! Why, he's nothin' but a big, fat Dutchman!"

"Whist, Norah!" said Kelly. "Don't be speakin' disrespectfully of the dead!"

AN INDEPENDENT IRISHMAN

The late Colonel Harahan, president of the Illinois Central Railroad, used to tell the following story on himself:

He was seated in his private office, when the door opened, and in walked an Irishman. He said to the president of the road:

"Me name's Clancy, an' I'm workin' in the yards of the road. I want to get a pass to St. Louis."

"Well," said Mr. Harahan, "that's no way to come into a man's office and ask for a pass. If you come back and ask me properly I'll be glad to consider your application."

The Irishman turned and went out without a word. In about two hours he returned. As he entered the office, he said:

"Mr. Harahan, d'ye remember I was here a whoile ago, an' you told me to come an' ask you different for a pass?"

"Yes."

"Well, ye can go to h—l. I've got a job an' a pass on the Alton."

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

Reilly had a row in Hennessey's saloon, and had been thrown out on his ear. The next day, thirsting for revenge, he said to his friend, O'Brien, "Tim, I'm going down to Hennessey's place to-night, an' I'm goin' to clane out the saloon. Will ye do me a favor?"

"Sure," said O'Brien. "What is it?"

"I want ye to stand outside the place, an' count 'em as I throw 'em out."

The two went down to Hennessey's, and O'Brien took up his post near the door, while Reilly went inside. In a few minutes there was a terrible row in the place, and something that looked like a bundle of rags came flying through the swinging doors.

O'Brien held up one finger and said, "One!"

The bundle looked up at him with one eye. "Don't ye know me, Tim?" it asked.

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

An Irishman, newly landed from the old country, got a job working in a gang repairing a railroad track. The foreman said to him:

"Now, Pat, when you hear an engine coming, don't wait; just drop your pick and run like h——l."

Pat promised he'd keep his ears open, and went to work. Soon he heard the engine, dropped his pick, and ran. But the engine caught up with him, and hit him. They took him to the hospital, but, luckily, he wasn't hurt much. The foreman went to visit him in the hospital, and said:

"Pat, you d—d fool, why didn't you run, as I told you?"

"Sure, I did run."

"I didn't mean run along the track; I meant run up the side of the railroad line."

"Why," said Pat, "I couldn't beat it on the level; how could I beat it running up the hill?"

NEVER SATISFIED

In the olden days in Dublin—and possibly even now—the hackmen of the city had and have a reputation for never being satisfied with the fare paid to them, no matter how liberal. Two gentlemen were discussing this one day. "I'll lay a wager with you," said one, "that if you were to pay a 'jarvey' a guinea for a drive of a quarter of a mile he would ask you for still more."

The bet was made, and the two hailed a cabman and told him to drive them to a point about a quarter of a mile distant. When they arrived there, one of the fares handed the driver a golden guinea. For a moment the "cabby" was overcome by astonishment, but only for a moment. Then he said, "Ah, please your honor, I wish to drink your honor's health for a fine, generous gentleman, but it would be a mighty pity to change this guinea. Maybe your honor will spare me the other sixpence?"

ITALIAN

HADN'T THE TIME

An Italian was being examined by a judge on his application for naturalization.

"Tony," asked the judge, "who is the boss of the city?"

"Da mayor," said Tony.

"And who is the boss of the State?"

Tony hesitated a moment, but managed to remember. "Da Governor," he said.

"Right," answered the judge. "And who is the boss of the whole country?"

That one Tony knew, without hesitation.

Then the judge asked:

"Could you be the President of the United States, Tony?"

Tony scratched his head. "Mista judge, you excusa me, please. I very busy worka in da shop."

NO WARNING

Pietro got a job on a Southern railroad as a section hand, in a district that was infested with rattlesnakes. The foreman warned him to look out for the rattlers, but told him that there was little danger if he listened for the snake's rattles—that the rattlesnake always gives a signal before he strikes.

Pietro was eating his lunch on a log when a rattler made his appearance, and, before the Italian could move, struck at him. Luckily, the snake's fangs struck the log.

Pietro shook his fist at the snake, and yelled: "Sonofa gun! Why you no ringa da bell?"

GETTING EVEN

There was an Italian peddler of plaster casts who had the hard luck to run up against a sailor on shore leave; the sailor had been violating both the spirit and the letter of Mr. Volstead's celebrated law.

"Look," said the poor Italian, "looka da nice bust; buya da nice bust, Garibaldi, Mussolini——"

"To h—l with your Mussolini!' said the sailor, and with one swipe of his arm he knocked the bust out of the peddler's hand, so that it smashed to pieces on the pavement.

The Italian's face turned purple with anger. He sputtered out: "What! To h—l wit' my Mussolini, to h—l wit' my Garibaldi? To h—l wit' your Georga Washington!"

And he picked a bust of "Father George" out of his basket, and sent it to the pavement to join Mussolini.

JOURNALISM

TOO MUCH FOR THE STAFF

Booth Tarkington, the novelist, says that once he was on a hunting trip in Indiana, and lost one of his dogs. When he returned to town he went to the office of the local paper, and put in an ad., giving a description of the dog and offering a reward of fifty dollars for his return.

Then he returned to his hotel, and there he happened to think that he had forgotten to say in the advertisement, "No questions asked."

So he went again to the office of the newspaper, to make the correction.

When he got there, he found the editor gone, also the compositor, the pressman and the man who cleaned up the place. Nobody was there, in fact, but the printer's "devil," a small boy.

"Where's everybody?" asked Tarkington.

"Gone to hunt for the dog," said the boy.

A STORY ABOUT HORACE GREELEY

Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the New York "Tribune," was noted in his day for having about the most illegible handwriting of any man of the time. Sometimes he could not even read it himself when it was "cold."

He wrote an editorial that the typesetter could hardly read, and as it was written just before the paper went to press, too late for correction, it contained, when printed, some ludicrous errors. When Greeley read it he fussed and fumed and tore his thin, gray locks, and "fired" the compositor on the spot. In fact, he was so mad that he wrote a note to the man denouncing him for his stupidity.

The man took the note, went around to the office of a rival newspaper, and asked for a job. "Have you any recommendations?" asked the foreman. "Sure," said he, "I've

got a letter of recommendation from Mr. Greeley." And he took out the letter in which Mr. Greeley called him all sorts of names. The foreman glanced at it. "That's good enough," he said. "Come to work tomorrow morning."

COULDN'T INTIMIDATE HIM

There was a financier in New York whose doings were such that he did not court or seek publicity, and getting an interview with him was a hard task. Once a newspaper desired his views on a pressing question, and sent a reporter for them.

The reporter returned to the office in much worse condition than he had gone. In fact, he showed signs of having been severely manhandled.

"Why, what happened to you?" asked the city editor.

"I got up to Robinson's house," said the reporter, "and had trouble getting past the butler at the door, but I made it. When I got inside, Robinson gave the butler the devil for letting me in, and then he called him and a couple of footmen to throw me out of the door. He said that if he ever caught me in his house again he'd send me to a hospital."

"Is that so!" said the city editor. "Well, you go right back there and tell him that the city editor of the "Gazette" insists on his giving us that interview. He can't intimidate *me* with his threats!"

TWO STORIES OF A STUTTERER

The late Henry Guy Carleton, who was well known in New York as a playwright, journalist and wit, had a very pronounced impediment in his speech.

One day he met Nat Goodwin, the actor, on the street.

"S-s-say, Nat," he said, "can you g-g-g-ive me f-f-fifteen minutes of your time?"

"Certainly," said Goodwin, "what do you want?"

"I w-w-want to h-h-have five m-m-minutes' talk with you."

Carleton was at one time a reporter on the New York "World." He was sent to report the fire in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which occurred on a Saturday night. He got back with his story very late; in fact, just a few minutes before the paper was due to go to press. He said to the managing editor, "G-g-great s-s-story I've got for you on the f-f-fire."

"Great Scott, man!" the editor exploded.

"Don't stand there telling me about it that way. Sit down and write it. We've got just fifteen minutes before the presses start."

"Oh, all right," said Carleton; "I j-j-just w-w-wanted to know if you w-wo-would l-l-lend me your s-s-stenographer."

LEGAL

THE POOR CLIENT

The story is told of Lord Ellenborough, who was Lord Chancellor of England, that one day, when a lawyer was making a plea before him, the attorney used, several times, the expression, "My unfortunate client."

Lord Ellenborough suddenly interrupted him with, "Sir, the court agrees with you."

GOOD ADVICE

A man was brought before a magistrate for some trifling infraction of the city ordinances, and the judge, who happened to be in a bad humor, fined him $10.

"Doesn't your honor think that is rather severe punishment for my petty offense?" asked the culprit.

"Well," said the judge, "if you think it's too dear, don't come here again."

HIS OPINION OF THE COURT

When a colored man was arraigned in court, charged with some minor offense, the judge said to him:

"You are accused of petty larceny. Have you an attorney to answer for you?"

"Does dat mean has Ah got a lawyer?" asked the darkey.

"Yes," said the judge.

"No, yo' honah; Ah'm jus' goin' to throw mahself on de ignorance of de court."

WHAT THE JUDGE WANTED

The judge in a case of highway robbery was greatly disgusted when the jury, in spite of what the judge thought was conclusive evidence of guilt, acquitted the accused man.

"Is there any further charge against this man?" he asked the sheriff, and was told that there was none.

"Well," said the judge, "court is about to adjourn, and I'd be much obliged to you if you'd give me half an hour's start before you set him free."

A DOUBLE OFFENSE

The majesty of the law was upheld by an English judge, who was called upon to pass

sentence in the case of a man who had murdered one of the King's soldiers. The judge, in pronouncing sentence, said:

"And not only did you murder him, whereby you deprived him of life, but you did thrust or push or pierce, or propel the lethal weapon through his regimental breeches, which were the property of His Majesty."

COULDN'T FIRE HIM

The presiding judge was very much disgusted by the failure of the jury to reach a decision, after many hours of arguing, and he hauled them over the coals.

"I am deeply disappointed and grieved by your action," he said, "and I discharge you without thanks."

One of the jurymen spoke up. "You can't discharge me," he said, "I was hired by that man there," and he pointed to the attorney for the defense.

AS ONE LAWYER TO ANOTHER

Two lawyers had a falling out over a case in which they were engaged on opposite sides, and one of them declared that when he met his opponent outside the presence of the court he

would express his opinion of the other fellow's conduct.

Soon thereafter they met, and the aggrieved party said:

"Is there any cause so bad, or any individual so infamous, that you would not, for a fee, defend him?"

"I cannot say," said the other lawyer; "what have you been doing?"

HIGH PAY

There was an eminent lawyer in New York, years ago, who was fond of displaying his legal learning, especially to the members of his office staff. He was not too proud to give even the office boy the benefit of his wisdom and his experience.

Someone asked the boy:

"How much does old Robinson pay you?"

The boy said, "Ten thousand dollars a year."

"What, ten thousand a year for an office boy?"

"Yes," said the boy, "Four dollars a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."

FOR THE STUBBORN JURYMAN

When a jury remained out a very long time considering its verdict, the judge sent word to

the juryroom that unless it was able to agree by a certain hour, he would be compelled to have it locked up for the night. In that event, he said, he would have twelve dinners sent in to the juryroom.

The foreman of the jury sent out a note to the judge:

"If your honor please," it said, "send in eleven dinners and one bag of oats."

THE LAWYER'S FEE

A lawyer was detailed by a judge to act as counsel for a poor negro who had no money to pay for an attorney. He was accused of stealing a pair of trousers, and he stoutly protested his innocence, even to his lawyer.

The latter worked hard for his poor client, and obtained an acquittal. After the negro was freed, he said to the lawyer:

"Ah sure am grateful to you for gettin' me off. Ah ain't got no money to pay you, but if you likes Ah'll give you dem pants."

WHAT HE DID

There was a suit for separation going on in the local courtroom, and all of the neighbors

had gathered to hear the scandal. The man in the case testified that he had to leave his wife on account of her temper.

"Why," he said, "one time, when we had a slight difference of opinion, she actually threw some pepper in my face!"

"And what did you do?" asked the judge.

The audience leaned forward, thinking they were going to hear a tale of harsh words and beatings, and so forth.

"I sneezed," said the witness.

TWO LEGAL REMARKS

An English judge, about a century ago, was on the bench, listening to a lawyer making a long and very dry argument. It was a warm summer's day, and the window of the court-room was open. In a field outside was a donkey, which commenced to bray while the lawyer was talking.

"One at a time, if you please," said the judge.

A little later, it was the judge's turn to speak, and the donkey brayed again.

"Will your lordship repeat that last remark, if it please your lordship?" said the attorney. "There is a great echo in this courtroom."

STRANGE BOTH WAYS

At a big public dinner in New York, two of the guests of honor were Joseph H. Choate, the eminent lawyer and statesman, and Mark Twain. They were very close personal friends.

Mark was called upon to speak first, and he made one of his most witty addresses. When he had finished, Choate got up, shoved one hand into his trousers pocket, and said:

"Doesn't it strike this company as very peculiar that a professional humorist should be really funny?"

And Twain got up to reply. "Doesn't it strike this company as peculiar that a lawyer should have his hand in his own pocket?"

LEGAL PRACTICE BY EAR

When Grover Cleveland was practicing law in Buffalo, there was a lawyer near him who had, somehow, been admitted to the bar, although he had very little knowledge of the law. He took advantage of Cleveland by running into his office frequently and asking his opinion on points of law.

Cleveland stood this for quite a while, and then said to him:

"Now, Mr. Blank, you have the run of my office and my law library, and you know that

I am willing to have you use my books. When you want to know something, why don't you look it up for yourself?"

The other man drew himself up indignantly. "You know, Mr. Cleveland, that I do not rely on the law books. I practice entirely by ear!"

IN LEGAL PARLANCE

"If an ordinary man wishes to give you an orange," said the lawyer, "he simply says, 'I give you this orange,' but if a lawyer were to give you one, he would say:

" 'I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in this orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantages therein with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter or in any deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.' "

THE SYMPATHETIC VETERINARY

In a lawsuit concerning the sale of some horses, a veterinary surgeon was called upon to

give testimony concerning the health of the animals.

He was a little man, and he spoke in a very low voice—in fact, it was so low as to be almost inaudible. The examining lawyer had to say to him several times, "Doctor, I wish you'd try to speak a little louder. We cannot hear you."

The horse doctor still continued to give his testimony in his weak voice, despite all the attorney's requests that he speak up. Finally the judge spoke from the bench:

"Counselor," he said, "don't you think you ought to be more patient with the doctor? Perhaps speaking low in the sick room for many years has made speaking low a habit with him."

WOULD LOSE HIS CHANCE

In the olden days, when a judge in some places had the right and the power to admit a man to the bar on his own examination of the candidate, a certain judge had before him the son of an old friend. He was anxious to pass the young man, but the latter was hopeless. He knew so little law that the judge could not admit him.

"I'm afraid you won't do, John; you'll have to study further," he said, sadly.

"But, judge," the young man urged, "you have examined me so far only on the common law. Why don't you try me on the statute law?"

"Oh, no, John, that would never do. Even if I passed you, some fool legislature might come along and repeal everything that you knew."

AN INDISPENSABLE MAN

No man is truly indispensable, it is said, and yet there are some who cannot be spared without difficulty. For instance, there was the case of the blacksmith in a little English village who killed a man, and was condemned to the gallows. He was the only blacksmith for miles around.

A delegation of his fellow townsmen waited on the judge who had condemned him, and the spokesman said:

"If your honor please, if your sentence is carried out on the blacksmith we shall have no one to shoe our horses, and mend our carts, and do other necessary work."

"But," said the judge, "the law requires that he pay for his crime. If I let him off, how shall justice be done?"

"There be in our village two weavers, and, for so small a place, one is enough. Cannot your honor order one of them hanged in place of the blacksmith?"

AU REVOIR

A judge of a criminal court was taking a walk in the country one day, and lost his way. Meeting a man on the road, he asked for directions, and was told:

"I will show you the road gladly, for I have had the honor of meeting your honor in court. Don't you remember me?"

The judge returned the usual answer, that the man's face looked familiar, but he could not for the moment place him. Then the man reminded the judge that he had been tried before him on a charge of stealing sheep and had been acquitted. The judge recalled him then, and asked:

"And how is your wife? I remember that she was also before me on the charge of receiving the sheep."

"She is well, your honor, and we are still in the butcher business."

"Oh," said the judge, "then we may have the honor of meeting again!"

NOT MUCH INTEREST TO HIM

There was a Swede who was called upon to give testimony in a murder trial. The prosecuting attorney was very anxious to obtain a conviction, and he found means to coach the witness.

In the witness chair the Swede testified that he had seen the flash of the pistol shot and had heard the report, although it was a dark night, and he was half a mile away from the scene. He was up for cross examination, and the attorney for the defense said:

"Do you mean to sit there and tell this honorable court and the jury that you saw the pistol fired and heard the report, although it was a dark night, with no moon shining and no starlight, and you were at least half a mile away? Remember, you are on oath, and if you say what is not the truth, you put yourself in deadly peril of prosecution for perjury!"

The witness was greatly impressed by the lawyer's manner. Crossing and uncrossing his legs, and clearing his throat, he answered:

"Say, I don't care very much 'bout this har trial, anyvay!"

HOW A LAWYER WON SUCCESS

About seventy years ago there was a lawyer,

here in the United States, who had won great success as a trial lawyer. His ability in court was the talk of his profession, and many a young lawyer would have given a good deal to know how the older man won such honors. There was one young attorney in particular who was envious of the older man.

It chanced that the two men found themselves together one day, in a stagecoach bound for a city in which a circuit judge was to sit. Both lawyers were bound to the sessions of the court. The younger man lost no time in striking up an acquaintance with his older and more famous colleague, and in the course of their conversation said to him:

"Mr. Jones, you are a prominent and successful attorney, while I am but a beginner in the law. Will you not tell me the secret of your great success before a judge and jury?"

"Young man," said Jones, "my success has been won at the cost of long, hard work. However, I am willing to tell you my secret on one condition."

Without waiting to hear what that condition might be, the younger man agreed, and Jones said:

"I will tell you my secret, and you will pay all my expenses during the three days we

shall be together during the sitting of the court. Agreed? Yes; well, my secret is this, *I deny everything and demand proof.*"

They stayed three days attending court, and the older man occupied the best room in the inn, ate the best food and plenty of it, drank the finest liquors and smoked the most expensive cigars—all of which went on the bill.

The court sessions were over, and the two lawyers stood in the hotel office while the innkeeper made out their bills. There was a great big one for the older lawyer, and a little one for the younger man. The former took his bill and, without even looking at it, handed it to the other man.

"What's this?" said the young lawyer.

"My bill, which you agreed to pay."

"Why," the young man came back at him, *"I deny everything, and demand proof."*

"Young man," said the older lawyer, "you don't need any lessons from me!"

MEN AND WOMEN

THE VERY FIRST MAN

"Who was the first man on earth?"

"Why, Adam, of course; don't you read the Bible?"

"There is a fellow in the Bible ahead of Adam."

"Who's that?"

"Why, Chap. I. And there's still another one even ahead of him. Look on the title page, and you'll see something about 'the original Hebrew.'"

A GOOD REASON

Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance.

"She has a very magnetic personality," said one.

"She ought to have," said the other, "everything she has on is charged."

NOT TOO FAR

Some one told a witty Frenchman that two women of his acquaintance had had a bad falling out, and each one had called the other names.

"Has either one called the other one ugly?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, then, there's a chance of their making up again."

ANOTHER LADY

At one of the city hospitals a doctor was called upon to treat a woman patient who had a bad bite wound on her forearm.

"H'm!" said the doctor; "I can't quite make this out. It looks to me too large for a dog's bite, and too small for a horse's. What kind of animal gave you this bite?

"It wasn't any animal; it was another lady, doctor," said the woman.

THE CONTRARY SEX

Mark Twain lived at one time near a colored family, and he used to stop and chat with them. One day he was met by the news that twins had come. He said to the mother:

"This little one is a girl, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the mother.

"And the other one—is it of the contrary sex?"

"Yes," said the mother again, "dat's a girl, too."

A FAVOR TO BE RETURNED

"Mary," said a New Englander to his wife, "Simmons is asking me to be pall-bearer again at his wife's funeral."

"Well, you'll do it, won't you? This is the third time, and you've been pall-bearer for the other two."

"Yes, but you see, I don't like to be all the time accepting favors from the man without returning them."

AN ORGAN RECITAL

"Did you hear the music on the front porch last night?" asked one summer boarder of another.

"Music?" said the other man. "Why, there was nothing there but a lot of women talking about the operations they had had."

"Well, it was an organ recital, wasn't it?"

MEN AND WOMEN AT THE MIRROR

It has always been a moot question as to which sex spends more time admiring itself at the mirror. Men generally believe that women use the looking glasses the most, while women return the accusation with interest.

One man made a statistical investigation of the question, and published the result of his observations—but, of course, they were colored by his sex. He said that of a thousand men, 999 glanced at their reflections as they passed,

and smiled; the thousandth man was blind. In the same time, 452 women passed the same mirror, and none of them looked into it; they were all too busy noting the appearance of the other women.

"OO-CUCK, OO-CUCK!"

There is a bridge club composed of women which meet once a week. They play some bridge, of course, but some of their time is given up to conversation. One of their favorite topics is—as it sometimes is among women—the merits and the shortcomings of their respective husbands.

One of these women used to talk a good deal about her husband's being a very handy man about the house. There wasn't anything, according to this woman, that her husband couldn't repair if it needed repairing. In fact, she talked so much about her husband's handiness that the other women became a bit tired of hearing about it.

After a while, however, they noticed that she had become strangely silent on the subject. For several weeks she said not a word to the others about her husband's handiness about the house. One of the others questioned her about it.

"Mrs. Smith," she said, "you haven't said a word for quite a time about your husband's ability to fix things about the house. Surely he hasn't lost his ability?"

"N-o-o, not exactly," answered the other woman. "But, you see, not long ago something went wrong with the cuckoo clock, and he tried to fix it."

"Well, did he do so?"

"Yes, he fixed it; but now it says "Oo-cuck, oo-cuck!" instead of "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

MINISTERS

"A STACK OF REDS"

The minister had come to dinner.

Among the side dishes served was one of pickled beets, of which Johnny was very fond.

"Mother," he said, "I'll take a stack of these reds, please."

NOT WELL EXPRESSED

An aged clergyman was retiring from his charge, and he was introducing his successor, a young man, to the members of his flock.

Among them was a wealthy old spinster. "My brother," said the elder minister, "this is Miss Jones, one of my old sheep."

VERY PARTICULAR

A wealthy Englishwoman was greatly angered by the action of a party of dissenters, who had chosen her country home as the scene of one of their ceremonies of baptism.

"Why, the idea!" she said, "baptising their converts on my place! I'll teach them to leave their sins in my pond!"

NOT THE PLACES FOR THEM

A minister wanted to get some copies of Canon Farrar's book, "Seekers After God," and sent an order to a New York bookseller for them. The dealer could not get them in New York or Chicago, and sent this telegram to the minister:

"No 'Seekers After God' in New York or Chicago; try Philadelphia."

SERVED ITS PURPOSE

A Quaker preacher used to ride around wearing a long, loose cloak, which waved in the wind. He met one day another rider on a spirited horse. The animal was frightened by the waving of the cloak, shied, and almost threw its rider.

"That cloak of yours would frighten the devil!" he said.

"Ah, that is well, friend," said the Quaker. "It will therefore help me in my trade."

WHAT SHE WANTED

A clergyman who had recently taken up mission work found himself at dinner next to a charming and witty young woman.

"And what line of work are you engaged in now?" she asked him.

"I am trying to save young men," said the clergymen.

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "Won't you try to save a nice one for me?"

"ANE TOOT AN' YE'RE OOT!"

A deaf old lady from the city visited the Scottish Highlands, and on Sunday attended the services in a little village church. As she sat down in her pew, she took out her ear trumpet in order to hear the sermon.

As she put it up to her ear, the sexton hurried to her. "Wumman," he said, "ane toot an' ye're oot!"

THE MINISTER COULD, BUT HE COULDN'T

The sidewalk was covered with sleet, and the deacon could hardly walk along it. His feet

struck an especially slippery spot and he went down, just as the pastor of his church, coming the other way, met him.

"Ah, deacon," said the parson, "'sinners stand in slippery places!'"

"I see that they do," said the deacon, "but I can't!"

SHORT AND TO THE POINT

The famous Dean Swift, author of "Gulliver's Travels," once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, and was displeased because some critics said it was much too long. "Very well," said he, "the next time I ask for contributions to charity I shall make my sermon short."

At his next opportunity he announced as his text, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." He then said, "Now, brethren, if you like the security, down with the cash!"

DISCRIMINATION

"Now, children," said a Sunday school superintendent, who had been talking to the boys and girls about good people and bad people, "when I am walking in the street I speak to some persons whom I meet, and I do not speak to others. Now, what is the reason?"

Of course, he expected that the bright little scholars would answer, "Because some are good and some are bad." But the answer he got was, from almost all the class, in unison, "Because some are rich and others are poor!"

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION

Years ago, before education became widespread in England, a preacher took a liking to an old man in his parish, and taught him how to read. One day, after not having been there for some time, he called at his pupil's cottage, and found only his wife at home.

"And how is John getting on with his reading?" he asked. "I suppose he reads his Bible very nicely now?"

"Why, bless you, sir," said the woman, "John was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago!"

ALL THINGS NEEDFUL

The preacher was expounding to his congregation the terrors reserved in the future life for those who did not walk the straight and narrow way on this earth. He laid great stress on the weeping and the wailing and the gnashing of teeth that would be the lot of the condemned.

An aged brother got up to ask a question.

"Parson," he said, "about this gnashing of teeth you're talkin' about; how about those people who lost their teeth on earth?"

"Teeth will be provided, brother; teeth will be provided!" said the preacher.

HOW THE MINISTER KNEW

When a minister preached a sermon upon the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," he had in his congregation two old cronies who had often been guilty of the sin which the preacher denounced.

When he described the evil effects of too much drinking on the head, the heart and the purse of the drinker, they shook their heads solemnly at each other.

At the close of the services, one of the two said to the other:

"What did you think of the sermon, Jim?"

"I'm thinking that a man who could describe the effects so well must have been speaking from experience, Bill."

IT DEPENDED ON THE TIDE

An Episcopalian minister in New York conceived the idea of fitting out a gospel boat, and holding services aboard her, for the seamen of

the vessels lying in the harbor. He went about soliciting funds for his proposed boat, and approached a wealthy man of his own denomination.

"Before I subscribe any money," said the millionaire, "I should like to know whether the vessel is to be high church or low church."

"That will depend," said the minister, "on the state of the tide."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

There has been much talk, in recent years, about the reconciling of religion and science. Probably the most striking example of the kind occurred at a summer camp meeting, held at the time of the year when thunderstorms are most frequent and destructive.

The meeting was being held while the skies became darker and darker with the thunderclouds, and many a person present permitted his mind to wander from the preaching and the prayers, to cast anxious looks up at the skies. Among the worshipers were many who had a genuine fear of thunderstorms.

One of them got up to pray:

"O Lord, take us under the protection of Thy wing, for Thou knowest that feathers are among the best non-conductors."

A WARNING FROM ABOVE

A church meeting was being held to raise money for much-needed repairs to the building; among other things, a new roof was badly wanted. The sum of $500 was required.

Among the members present was the richest man in the village, who was also the stingiest. When the time came for subscriptions, he put his name down for $5, a sum that was very small in proportion to his means. Just as he had finished signing his name for the five, a big chunk of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him on the head. It scared him so that he hastily changed his subscription to fifty dollars.

One of the deacons, standing nearby, was so overcome by astonishment and emotion that he shouted:

"O Lord, hit him again, hit him again!"

EMBARRASSING FOR THE PREACHER

In a small town there were a preacher and a merchant who had the same name. They both had telephones, but the preacher's name was omitted from the 'phone book, at his request, as he did not want to be disturbed by trivial calls. The merchant, of course, had to have his name in the book.

The result was that the merchant was fre-

quently bothered by calls that were meant for the preacher. He appealed in vain to the parson to have his name put in the book, and after repeated refusals on the part of the minister, he determined to get even with him.

His opportunity came when he received a 'phone call from a young man, who asked:

"Oh, Doctor Brown, will you marry us tomorrow?"

"No," answered the merchant, gruffly; "I'll be too d——d busy writing my sermon."

A PLACE FOR HOSEA

In the good old days, when no preacher who was thought worthy of his hire preached a sermon that was less than three hours in length, a pastor chose for his theme the respective merits of all the major and minor prophets.

It took him fully three hours to tell what he believed about Jeremiah, Isaiah, Ezekiel and a few of the others, and his congregation began to be pretty well "fed up" with the seers of ancient Israel. At length, after he had treated the major prophets with all the respect that is their due, he said:

"Now we come to Hosea. Where, brethren and sisters, shall we place Hosea?"

A brother in a front pew got up. "You can give him my seat," he said, "I'm going home!"

"NO SMOKING" IN HEAVEN

In the days of our Revolutionary forefathers—and for many years after, in fact—most of the old women in the backwoods parts of the country smoked pipes—and didn't think any the worse of themselves for doing so.

A young preacher came to one of the distant settlements, and started in to reform the natives. Among the other things to which he objected was smoking by women. He stopped one day at old Nancy's cabin and found her enjoying an after-dinner smoke on her corncob pipe.

"Aunt Nancy," he said, "when your time comes to go, and you apply for admission at the gate of Heaven, do you think that Saint Peter will let you in if he detects the odor of tobacco on your breath?"

The old woman took the pipe out of her mouth, and said:

"Young man, when I go to Heaven I expect to leave my breath behind."

NOT IN A MINISTER'S PRESENCE

The late General Chaffee, who served in the Civil War and in the Spanish-American War, was one of the bravest soldiers America ever

had, and feared nothing in the way of shot and shell, but one time he was really scared. That was during the Civil War, when he was serving in Mississippi, and was stricken by yellow fever. In spite of the doctor's assurances that he would recover, he was sure that he was going to die, and he sent for a chaplain to talk over the future life.

The minister came and was alone with Chaffee in the tent. Outside a group of soldiers gathered, and, regardless of what was going on inside, began to joke and laugh, with many cuss words. Chaffee became indignant and, raising himself on his elbow, said:

"Send those fellows away! I don't mind their laughing and joking, but I'll be d——d if they'll cuss in the presence of a minister!"

DID HE ANSWER THE CALL?

The pastor of a church in a small town was greatly beloved by his flock, and he returned their affection. But it was a small church, not richly endowed with this world's goods, and could pay the minister only a very small salary.

He was an eloquent preacher, and his fame spread to a nearby large city, so that a large and rich congregation sent him a call, with an offer of a much larger financial reward. He

did not know whether he should accept it or not.

One of his flock met the preacher's little son on the street. "Well, son," he said, "I hear that your father has received a call to a big city church. Is he going to accept it?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "Father's on his knees in his study, praying for guidance."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, she's upstairs, packing the trunks!"

GOOD IN SPOTS

Everyone knows, of course, that when some of the minor clergy get an opportunity to meet the great ones of the church, they are often overwhelmed by the honor.

There was an English curate once, who was invited to join a house party at which the guest of honor was a bishop. At breakfast he was placed next to his lordship, and he was so overcome that he could scarcely speak when the bishop addressed him.

It happened that the egg which was served to the curate was one that was no longer in the first bloom of youth. The young clergyman was much embarrassed when he opened it, but not for worlds would he have shown his embarrassment before the reverend bishop.

But the high churchman noticed that there was something wrong, and said to the curate:

"Oh, Mr. Robinson, I trust that you are enjoying your breakfast. How is your egg?"

"Oh, quite all right, your lordship, quite all right. I assure your lordship, it is very good —in spots!"

A BAD MISTAKE

It is always well to be sure of one's ground before speaking, as the wife of a minister once found out. Her husband had for a guest another minister, who came from a distance. It began to threaten rain during dinner, and the host invited the guest to remain over night. The latter accepted. After dinner they went into the garden to resume their theological discussion.

The host excused himself, saying he must see about his guest's room. While he was in the house it began to rain, and the guest went in also. As he entered the house, he met his hostess in the doorway, but in the dusk she mistook him for her husband. She took the heavy pulpit Bible, which chanced to be on a table nearby, and brought the full weight of it across the guest's shoulders, saying:

"There, take that for asking that confounded bore to remain over night!"

A BISHOP WITH TAKING WAYS

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, a well known figure in the Protestant Episcopal Church, was a young man when he was chosen to be Bishop of Wyoming, and he brought to his new diocese an immense enthusiasm and capacity for hard work.

Once there was a convention of bishops in Denver, and a group of them was standing in front of a hotel. A tramp approached them, and asked for help. One of them was a joker, and said:

"We are poor men, but there is Brother Talbot over there. Try him; he is always ready to assist the needy."

The tramp went over to Talbot and accosted him, while the other bishops watched the scene. The two talked earnestly for a few minutes, and then something passed from one hand to another. The tramp then left Talbot, and walked slowly back past the group of bishops.

"Well," asked one of them, "did he give you anything?"

"No," said the tramp, "but I gave him a

dollar for his d——d new cathedral in Laramie."

NO CAUSE FOR HASTE

One of the high dignitaries of the Church of England, the Bishop of Oxford, was walking in the streets of London, one day, when he was accosted by a dirty-faced little urchin.

"Say, gov'nor, can you tell us the time?"

The bishop glanced at his watch, and said: "It is half past five, my lad."

"Well," said the boy, "at half past six you can go to 'ell." And he turned and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Naturally, the bishop was shocked and insulted, and he ran after the boy as quickly as his clerical garb would let him. As he did so, he collided with the Bishop of London, who recognized him. "Oxford, Oxford," said the Londoner, "why this unseemly haste in the streets of our city of London?"

The Bishop of Oxford told him he had been grossly affronted. He said, "Why, he had the impudence to tell me that at half past six I could go to h—l!"

"But again I ask, why the unseemly haste?" said the other bishop; "you have still almost an hour."

MISCELLANEOUS

A GOOD PRECEDENT

"Say," asked one man of another, "what would you think of a man who would get up at three o'clock in the morning, with the rain coming down like cats and dogs, to take a horseback ride?"

"Why, I'd think he was a d——d fool."

"Well, Paul Revere did it."

SIMPLE ECONOMICS

Many farmers are good agriculturists, but poor economists. Said one of them to another:

"You know those hogs I was fattening last Fall? Well, I sold them this Spring for $10."

"Why, you paid $10 for them last Fall; you can't make money that way."

"Yes; I found that out."

LOCAL, IN CHICAGO

A drummer, in Louisville, made a long-distance telephone call to Chicago, and was greatly "peeved" when the operator charged him a dollar for the call.

"Why," he kicked, "in Chicago I can talk to h—l and back for a dollar."

"Yes, but this was a long-distance call," smiled the operator.

WHAT SHE WOULD PRAY FOR

"Mrs. Jones," a lawyer asked of his landlady, "if I left a thousand dollars in your keeping, and I died, what would you do? Would you pray for me?"

"No," said the landlady, "I'd pray for another one like you."

DANCING FOR CHARITY'S SAKE

At a dance one of the guests noticed a young man dancing with a rather elderly lady.

"Can you tell me," he asked another man, "who is that young man that is dancing with the middle-aged lady?"

"I'm not sure," was the answer, "but I think that he is a member of the humane society."

ESAU AND ÆSOP

Similarity of names leads sometimes to confusion. For example, there was the boy who said:

"Esau is the fellow that wrote a lot of fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

NOT WELL ADVERTISED

Sometimes advertising overreaches itself, as in the case of the fruit dealer who put a sign in his window reading:

"Fine Apples. Buy Now. Remember, the Early Bird Gets the Worm."

VERY SERIOUS CASE

The detective was sent by the captain of the precinct to investigate the robbery of a jewelry shop, in which the thief had thrown a brick through a plate glass window and had made off with the valuables.

At the store the detective said:

"Hm, this is more serious than I thought! The glass is broken on both sides!"

HAVE YOU A "REPERTORY"?

The late Victor Herbert, composer and leader, was inclined toward stoutness in his later years.

He was conducting an orchestra one time, and the programme included a wide variety of airs from his own light operas.

"Hasn't Mr. Herbert a tremendous repertory?" said one woman in the audience to another.

"Well, I wouldn't put it just that way—but he is certainly becoming much fatter."

AFRAID OF DOING GOOD

David Garrick, the famous English actor, was a liberal man, but there were times when he hesitated very long before spending any money, or giving it away. It is said of him, in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," that "he walked out with an intention to do a generous action; but, turning the corner of a street, he met with the ghost of a half-penny, which frightened him."

ALL RIGHT FOR HER SISTER

A young woman, a recent recruit for the Salvation Army, was telling her experiences, to a meeting.

"Before I joined the Army," she said, "I was fond of fine clothing, and jewelry, and all that sort of thing. But when I joined the Army, I realized that such things would drag me down to h—l, so I gave them to my sister."

HE WAS SURELY MEAN

A certain man, in a small town, died. He was the meanest man in the whole state—so

mean that he left no friends, and his relatives wouldn't own him.

The preacher who was engaged to conduct the funeral services went all over town to find out something good to say about the dead man, but didn't succeed. At the funeral he got up and said:

"Brethren, from all that I have been able to learn, the deceased brother who lies before us was mean. He was *very* mean; he was the meanest man in town. But let us, in all Christian charity, admit that *at times he was meaner than he was at other times.*"

TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN

During the war, a party of men were asleep in a tent in one of the Southern cantonments, when a skunk wandered into the tent. One of the soldiers was wakeful, and he woke up just in time to get a full whiff of the animal. He looked around at his sleeping comrades, and said:

"Good Lord, look at those guys, fast asleep, and I've got to smell that all myself!"

VERY CONCEITED

"I heard the other day about the most conceited man on earth."

"Who was that?"

"This fellow sent a telegram to his mother congratulating her on his birthday."

NOT HER FAULT

A tramp who had had the misfortune to lose a leg came to a woman's back door, and began his plea for alms with:

"Madam, I have lost my leg."

"Well, I ain't got it," she said, as she slammed the door.

TOO FAR TO REACH

A traveling man was complaining to a friend.

"I can't sleep," he said, "the light shines so through the window of my room."

"Why don't you pull down the blind?" asked the friend.

"I can't," he said, "it's across the alley."

GOOD ADVICE

They tell this story about the prophet Mohammed:

Once, while traveling across a desert, he and one of his followers were overtaken by nightfall and halted at an oasis.

As they dismounted from their camels, the other man said to Mohammed, "I will loose my camel, and trust him to Allah."

"Not so, my friend," said the Prophet; *"tie* thy camel and trust him to Allah!"

MAKING IT WORTH WHILE

"What are you doing there, John?" asked a man of his servant, in a small town. John was trying to poke a dollar bill through a crack in the board sidewalk.

"I dropped a nickel through the crack," said John, "and I'm putting a dollar through after it, so it will be worth while pulling up the board to get the nickel back."

NOT WORTH IT

A boy entered a country store and said to the storekeeper:

"Gimme a dime's worth o' asafoetida."

The storekeeper made up the package, and the boy said, "Dad wants you to charge it."

"All right; what's your name?"

"Schermerhorn."

The storekeeper scratched his head. "Take it for nothin'," he said. "I ain't goin' ter spell 'asafoetida' and 'Schermerhorn' fer no dime."

HIS STEP LADDER

Two carpenters were having a dispute over the ownership of a ladder. Each one claimed it, and, as there were no marks of ownership on it, they were having a hard time to decide the matter.

One of them said:

"That's my ladder, I teil you."

The other one answered, "No, it's mine."

"It don't look like your ladder," said the first.

"Well," said the other, "that's all right; it's my *step* ladder."

NEW KIND OF ELEVATOR

Sometimes the elevator men and the starters in the big office buildings in the cities get very tired of answering "fool" questions.

In one of the buildings in lower Broadway a car was standing waiting for a load of passengers. A woman rushed up to the door, and said to the operator:

"Is this car going up?"

"No, ma'am," said he; "this is a cross-town car."

A DIFFERENT CASE

"Say," said one city boy to another one, "how do you learn a girl ter swim?"

"Oh, dat's easy," said the other kid. "You takes her gently by de hand, an' you leads her down to the water, an' you says to her, 'Don't be afraid, I ain't goin' ter let nothin' hurt yer,' an' "——

"Hey," interrupted the first one, "what are you givin' us? Dis is me sister I'm talkin' about."

"Aw, shove her off de dock!"

AN EASY JOB

A man was arrested for vagrancy and brought before a city magistrate. "You are charged," said the judge, "with having no visible means of support. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Your honor," said the accused man, "I have a profession, but we have many slack times, and this is one of them."

"What is your profession?" asked the judge.

"I smoke glasses for looking at eclipses."

NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM

There was a crowd waiting for the trolley car. In it was a fussy, middle-aged woman

who bumped into everybody and poked her elbows into them as she waited impatiently for the car.

She turned to a man near her, and asked:

"Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to get to the cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he said, as he edged away from her.

NO WONDER

One of the most famous sights in England is the old line-of-battle ship "Victory," on which Admiral Lord Nelson died from a gunshot wound received in battle. An American visited the "Victory," and the guide pointed out to him a brass plate set in the deck.

"Here," said the guide, "is where Nelson fell."

"No wonder," said the American, "I nearly tripped over the darn thing myself."

SERVED HIM RIGHT?

Passing along the street of a little town, a gentleman who was inclined to be flirtatious saw, at an open window, a very pretty girl. She was tossing up and catching what looked to the man like a ball of white yarn.

He stopped in front of the window, and put

up his hands in a position to make a catch. She tossed it to him—but probably she did not know that the egg was bad.

IF THEY GOT OUT

An ignorant man and his wife were at the "movies" when one of the "wonders of nature" pictures were shown on the screen. Among the pictures was one showing the tiny microscopical creatures that live in water. They were thrown on the screen thousands of times as big as their natural size, of course.

"Gosh, Mary!" said the man to his wife. "What would happen to us if they got out of the water?"

VERY LATE

A man bought a large mantel clock, one of the kind that strike the hours and half hours.

One night he was awakened by the striking of the clock. Something had gone wrong with the mechanism, and the chime, instead of stopping with the usual 12, kept right on sounding. The farmer counted them, and got up to 102. Then he awakened his wife:

"Mary, get up! It's later than I've ever known it to be before!"

A GENUINE ANTIQUE

When a woman of the "new rich" class learned that it was the proper thing to furnish one's home with antique furniture, she set about collecting antiques with much enthusiasm. As is usual in such cases, she fell a victim to various dealers in "fake" stuff.

She was showing her collection to a friend. "Just see this old teapot," she said. "I have it on the very best of authority that it was one of those used at the Boston Tea Party."

QUITE POSSIBLE

A man who was very vain, but also very slovenly, allowed his clothing to become filled with grease spots and other forms of dirt.

He put a bouquet in his buttonhole, and tried to make his friends believe that some young woman had given it to him. He met one of them, and said:

"Where do you suppose I got this beautiful bouquet in my coat?"

"I don't know," said the friend, "unless it grew there."

A MERCIFUL MAN

When a man sets out to do a good deed, he ought to see that he carries it through. He

ought not to be like the autoist, on a very hot summer day, who was driving slowly along a treeless road, and saw a toad lying in the road and gasping for breath.

"Poor thing!" said the motorist, and he stopped his machine, picked up the toad, and placed it very carefully in the shade of the auto.

Then he drove on.

THE RIGHTFUL OWNER

A man who had not been very good during his earthly life died, and went below. As soon as he got to the nether regions, he began to give orders for changing the positions of the furnaces, and commenced bossing the imps around. One of them reported to Satan how the newcomer was acting.

"Say," said Satan to him, "you act as though you owned this place."

"Sure," said the man, "my wife gave it to me while I was on earth."

NOT THE GENERAL'S COW

At a Western army post, the general commanding had a house with a front lawn, on which he allowed his cow to graze. He gave

strict orders that no one should be allowed to cross the lawn.

One day the wife of one of the other officers tried to make a short cut across the lawn, and was stopped by the sentry. She was offended, and said:

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the sentry, "I don't know who you are; but I do know that you're not the general's cow."

REAL ECONOMY

According to a story that has been current in Japan, two Japanese were talking about various methods of economizing.

"At my home," said one, "we never open a fan entirely when we wish to fan ourselves. We open just one section, and so we make the fan last a long time."

"But we do better than that," returned the other Jap. "We open the fan all the way, but we make it last by waving the face over it, instead of moving the fan."

NO APPLICANTS

In a little town in England, the parish clerk posted the following notice:

"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard save those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the clerk of the parish."

A MATTER OF LOOKS

In a Western State there were two miners, one of whom wore a full beard, while the other managed to find the time for shaving clean.

The clean-shaven man said to the man with the beard:

"I useter have a beard like yours, but I took a look at myself in a mirror one day, and shaved it off."

"An' I useter have a face like yours, till I got a good, square squint at myself in a lookin' glass, an' then I grew this beard."

DON'T LIKE SHERMAN

There are still some old-time Southerners, especially in Georgia, to whom the name of General Sherman is an offense.

One of them, an aged lady, made her first trip to New York and visited Central Park. At one entrance there is a bronze monument of General Sherman, mounted on a horse, in

front of which there is a standing figure of Victory, holding a wreath. The Southern woman took one look at the monument.

"H'm!" she said, with contempt. "That's just like Sherman—riding while a woman walks!"

A BORN LIAR

Speaking of liars, there was old Si Perkins, a farmer, who was very, very economical of the truth.

They were discussing Si down at the store. One of the men said, "Now, there's a feller I'd call a real, natural-born liar."

One of Si's neighbors spoke up:

"Well, maybe Si ain't such an awful liar, but up around our way they do say that when feedin' time comes he has to git someone else to call his hogs fer him."

TWO WOULD DO, IN A PINCH

The village bully entered a saloon, where two men were standing at the bar, and said, very loudly:

"I kin lick everybody in this place; there ain't three men here can put me out."

The two other customers grabbed him, and

in a few seconds he went flying out of the door. He picked himself up, poked his head back into the place, and said:

"Oh, well, if you're short-handed, I s'pose two could do it, in a pinch."

HALF A SET OF WHISKERS

There was a college professor who wore long, flowing side whiskers, thinking that they added to the dignity of his appearance. Some members of his family liked the whiskers, while others thought that he would look much better without them. There were many debates on the question, in the household.

One morning the professor came downstairs with one-half of the whiskers shaved off. He said to his wife:

"Well, my dear, if you think I look better without them, I'll shave off the other side."

THE BUTCHER AND THE LADY

A woman went marketing one day, and saw some nice fresh liver at her butcher's. She ordered some sent to her house, and then went on other errands.

When she got home she found a message from her husband to the effect that he would

not be home for dinner, so she decided she would not need the liver. She telephoned to the butcher to countermand the order.

When the butcher got the message he called out to his assistant:

"Jim, cut out Mrs. Blank's liver; she says she can get along without it."

COULDN'T TELL IN ADVANCE

There was a Japanese student in New York who was explaining to an American friend the system used by the Japanese in giving names to their children.

"I was the second son," he said, "and my name means, in Japanese, 'Intelligent Second Son.'"

"Oh, is that so?" said the American. "But how did they know that you would turn out to be intelligent?"

The Japanese looked at him sadly. "All the same I am a d—n fool," he answered.

A DISTINCTION

John Fiske, the historian, had a young son who inherited much of his father's independence of thought and fearlessness of expression. One day Mrs. Fiske sent the boy to his

father for punishment; the lad had deeply offended a neighbor and his wife.

"Son," said Mr. Fiske, "mother tells me that you called Mr. Jones a fool."

"Yes, father.

"And that you called Mrs. Jones a d——d fool?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Fiske thought for a moment. Then he said:

"Well, son, that's just about the distinction *I* would make, too."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE DEVIL

An elderly woman was noted in her village for her even good nature, and especially for having a good word for everybody. In fact, she guarded her tongue so very carefully when speaking about people that it became slightly irritating to her friends and relatives.

One day, when someone in the village had been guilty of an especially mean action, all joined in condemning it save the woman with the sweet disposition. Her husband said to her:

"Do you know, Mary, I believe that you would have a good word for the devil himself!"

"Well," she replied, "he's a very *industrious* body!"

"CAREFUL WITH THE ROPE"

In the old days in the West, two men formed a partnership for the purpose of cattle "rustling," and operated together until they were caught by a party of vigilantes. The next step, of course, was a lynching bee, and the two thieves were taken to a bridge for hanging.

As the first one, with the rope around his neck, was cast off, the rope broke, and he fell into the river. Being a good swimmer, he swam downstream and escaped.

When the lynchers adjusted the rope around the other fellow's neck, he said:

"Boys, I wish you'd be careful with that rope. I can't swim a stroke."

HOW TO IMPROVE LIVE STOCK

When a new railroad was run across the plains of Texas, there was much trouble with ranch owners whose stock strayed on the tracks and were killed. Every time a steer or a cow lost its life, the owner put in a claim for damages, and in each case he asserted that the dead animal was of full-blooded, valuable stock.

The president of the road was talking over the situation with one of his attorneys.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, "that nothing improves the quality of Texas livestock so much as crossing it with a locomotive."

OLE'S FATE

Two Swedes were walking on a railroad track, when a train came along behind them. One of them was lucky enough to jump off the track in time; the other was not so fortunate. The survivor told about it later:

"After I yump," he said, "I run a leetle vay, and then I go back to see 'bout Ole. Putty soon I come 'cross an arm on the track, an' soon I see one of Ole's legs. Nex' t'ing I see Ole's head. Then I say, 'My God, somet'ing must 'a' happened to Ole!' "

A CHEAP CURE

In one of the suburban towns there had been a large number of robberies, and the people were all nervous. One of the residents, a dentist, was startled late one evening to see a man come up to his front steps, sit down on them, and stay there for about half an hour before

moving on. The man repeated this several evenings, and finally the dentist plucked up courage enough to speak to him.

"Say," he said, "if it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon have you go and sit on someone else's doorstep."

"But it isn't the same to me," said the unwelcome visitor. "You're the only dentist in the neighborhood. I've got a bad tooth that I haven't got the nerve to have drawn. Every evening I come here with the idea of having it out, and as soon as I come in sight of your house it stops aching. As long as I sit on your doorstep the confounded thing knows that it's in danger, and it stops giving me trouble."

AN UNNECESSARY SCARE

Brown was a timid little man, afraid of his own shadow, who lived in the suburbs, about a mile from the railroad station. One dark evening, as he started up the road toward his home, he noticed that he was being followed by a big, burly stranger. Brown hastened his pace, and as he did so he noticed that the stranger did the same, keeping at a short distance behind him.

"Good Lord!" said Brown to himself. "A hold-up man! I'll never get home safe!"

He hurried along a little faster; the stranger did the same. Finally, Brown broke into a run, and coming to a churchyard, jumped over the low stone wall. As he did so, the other fellow caught up with him.

"W-w-w-what do you w-w-w-want?" said Brown. "Why are you following me?"

"I'm looking for a man named Robinson," said the stranger. "They told me at the station that he lives next door to you, and that if I followed you I'd get to his house the quickest way."

CAUSE FOR ANGER

In the old days, in London, when gambling for high stakes in the clubs was the rule, there was a nobleman who had very hard luck one night and, as a result, left his club in a bad state of mind.

As he walked the street toward his home, he saw, a short distance ahead of him, a workingman, on his way to work, bending over to tie his shoelace.

The nobleman walked up to him and planted a swift kick on his anatomy.

"Confound you!" he said. "You're always tying your shoelaces!"

"WET PAINT"

An autoist lost his way on a country road, and nightfall found him many miles away from his destination. He drove along slowly, looking for a signpost, but none was to be seen. Finally, it got to be very dark, and he was still feeling his way slowly along the road.

His wife said:

"John, I think I see a signpost ahead."

He stopped the car, got out and peered up at the sign, but could not read it. So he climbed up on the sign, struck a match, and read:

"Wet Paint."

AN UNUSUAL BET

Two men went into a downtown drugstore, in New York City. They were well known there, and said to the manager:

"We've made a bet of the sodas for us two, the loser to pay for them. Can we have the sodas, and pay when the bet is decided?"

"Sure," said the manager.

After the two had had their sodas, the manager asked:

"What is that bet of yours?"

"Well, Jim, here, bets that when the Woolworth Building falls it will fall toward the

North River, and I'm betting that it falls the other way."

"A HINFAMOUS HOUTRAGE"

Years ago, in a London music hall, one of the attractions was a man who was billed as "The Human Encyclopaedia." The management guaranteed that he could answer any question put to him by any member of the audience.

A party of Americans visited the music hall. After asking various questions of "The Human Encyclopaedia," and receiving correct answers, one of them said to him:

"What famous historical incident occurred on July 4, 1776?"

The patriotic Britisher bristled up:

"The hincident you speak hof, sir," he said, "was a hinfamous houtrage!"

NO NECESSITY

Under the old régime in France, there was a statesman of much influence, who was pestered greatly by relatives who wanted offices with large pay and little work. One of the most persistent of these office-seekers was a nephew of the statesman.

The latter knew, however, that the nephew

was a worthless fellow, and refused steadily to give him an office. Finally, in desperation, the nephew said:

"Uncle, you must find a place for me. I must live!"

"I do not see the necessity," said the uncle, coldly.

"HAMMOCK TIME"

A city man, seeking rest and relaxation at a country boarding house, found a hammock suspended between two trees, in a cool, shady spot, and stretched himself out for a nap. But the place was so infested by flies that he could not rest, and he went to the boarding-house keeper to complain.

"What's the idea," he asked, "of putting a hammock in a place where the flies are so thick?"

"Oh," said the other man, "that hammock is for use only during hammock time."

"When is that?"

"From twelve to two. During those hours all the flies are in the dining room."

VERY LAZY

In a little town some of the men got together and formed a "Lazy Men's Club." One

of the conditions of membership was that none of them should ever be seen doing anything in a hurry; the penalty was a good dinner for all of the others.

One of the members was a doctor, and he was seen once driving through the town in a great hurry, to a patient's house. At the next meeting of the club, charges of having been seen in a hurry were preferred against the physician.

"I'm innocent," he said. "The truth of the matter is that my horse was in a hurry, and I was too lazy to stop him."

VERY POLITE

A chorus girl had a "gentleman friend," and also a girl friend, and one day she was foolish enough to introduce the "gentleman friend" to the girl friend, the result being that the aforesaid girl friend proceeded to "vamp" the man. This made the chorus girl mad, of course, so she sat down and wrote a letter to her former girl friend:

"Dear Sadie," she wrote, "you knew that I was keeping company with that fellow, and you stole him away from me. You are a low-life and a bum, and a bleached blonde. When

I see you I'm going to pull out all your hair, and spoil your face.

"P. S. Please excuse pencil."

"LET HIM WALK"

When Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese statesman, visited the United States years ago, all sorts of honors were paid to him. One of the objects of his visit was to plant trees at the tomb of General Grant, in New York; he had met Grant in China when the American made his trip around the world, many years before.

The police commissioner of New York detailed four men to carry the chair with Li Hung Chang in it, up the steps of Grant's tomb. One of the "cops," a sturdy Irishman, balked.

"I'll not be carryin' any chair with a Chink in it," he said. "Let the domned haythen walk!"

TOO MUCH FOR THE POOR BEAST

A chameleon—one of those little animals that changes its color according to its surroundings—was presented to a boy who had a scientific turn of mind. Not long after, the man who gave it to the boy met the lad's father, and asked:

"Well, how is Tommy getting along with the chameleon I gave him?"

"Oh, the poor thing is dead. Tommy put him on a piece of green cloth, and he turned green; then Tommy tried him with red and blue, and he turned those colors. But Tommy went too far with him."

"Why, what did he do?

"He put him on a Scotch plaid, and the animal burst trying to make good."

WASN'T USED TO IT

A wealthy woman engaged a chauffeur who had been recommended to her as well acquainted with all parts of the city. It was a very cold winter, and the mayor of the city issued an appeal to the charitable to send all the old clothing they could spare to the police headquarters.

The woman got together a bundle of clothing, and called her chauffeur. "I want you to drive me down to police headquarters," she said. The chauffeur scratched his head. "I don't know where police headquarters is, ma'am."

"Why," she said, "I thought you knew everything about the city."

"Well," he answered, "I ain't never had to

drive before for no lady what had to go to police headquarters."

A BAD CASE OF BORROWING

Anyone who has been the victim of a chronic borrower can appreciate the feelings of a woman, who, after having had most of her household utensils taken by a neighbor, heard the neighbor's little boy say:

"Mother wants to borrow your wash-boiler."

"Tell your mother," said the victim, "that within the past two weeks she has borrowed three pots, a frying pan, two dozen clothes pins, a pound of butter, half a dozen eggs, and some other things. Tell her when she returns them I'll lend her the washboiler."

The boy went away, and came back in a few minutes.

"Ma says that if you lend her your washboiler she'll bring back all of the other things in it."

ONE RIOT, ONE MAN

This story has been told about the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, the State constabulary, and various other bodies, but it seems to have originated in Texas.

There was a race riot in a small Texas town,

and some of the excited residents telegraphed to the Governor to send the Texas Rangers to put down the disturbance.

A committee was waiting for the arrival of the Rangers, and they were astonished when one lone, tall, husky young man stepped from the train. He wore the uniform of a captain in the famous corps.

"Captain," said the mayor of the town, "where's your company?"

"Company?" replied the Ranger. "There ain't but one riot here, is there?"

AFRAID HE'D SHOCK THE QUEEN

Queen Victoria was once reviewing her troops at Aldershot, and noticed that a band at a distance was playing a very catchy air with which she was not familiar. She called to her side one of her equerries, and told him to ride over to the band-master and ascertain for her the name of the selection.

The man rode off quickly, and returned at a much slower pace. When he got back to the side of the Queen, he was blushing, and he hesitated and stammered when she addressed him and asked him the name of the music.

Finally, he managed to blurt out:

"Your Majesty, the name of the selection is 'Come Where the Booze Is Cheaper.'"

"CANNED WHITE MAN"

Years ago the Government used to issue rations of various kinds of food to certain Indian tribes in the Northwest, and this led the Indians to believe that about everything the white men ate and used came out of cans.

When the phonograph was first brought out, an Indian agent—as they call the men who have charge of issuing supplies to the Indians—got one of the new-fangled machines, and assembled the Indians to listen to it. They were seated on the ground in a circle when he turned the music on.

They listened for a moment; then one of the Indians got up, grunted, and said:

"Ugh, canned white man!"

CAUGHT!

Visiting a beautiful and ancient church in England, an American visitor said to the sexton:

"What a wonderful place this is! How calm, how serene, how restful! Surely, you must have many visitors who come to this quiet spot just for meditation and silent prayer!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the sexton; "I ketched two of 'em at it yesterday."

HOW HE LOST HIS ARM

A young man who lost an arm in the war is sensitive about the loss, and hates to be asked concerning it.

He found himself at dinner one evening next to a young woman, who asked him the usual question. "How did I lose my arm?" he said. "I will tell you, on condition that you do not ask me another question."

She agreed, and he said, "I bit it off."

"Oh," answered she, "how in the world could you do that?"

"You promised not to ask me another question," he said.

The same young man was told one day, "I see you have lost your arm."

He looked down where the arm had been, and answered, "Oh, yes, so I have! How careless of me!"

THE MULE'S EGG

A countryman from the far backwoods went to town one day, and saw, at the market, a watermelon—something he had never seen before.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Don't you know what that is?" they told him. "Why, that's a mule's egg."

He was so greatly impressed with it that he bought it to bring home to show to his old woman. He tied it behind his saddle and rode homewards, but on the way it worked loose and fell to the ground, breaking into pieces. Just as it did so, a rabbit ran across the road.

When he got home he told his wife that he had bought a mule's egg to show her, but that it had broken on the road, and the little mule inside had gotten away.

ANY ONE HE LIKED

There was a bunch of pugilists and followers of the ring game who were on their way to Philadelphia to see a prize fight. They were all enthusiastic supporters of one of the men who were to fight. One of them got into an argument with another passenger.

"I'm tellin' yer," he said, "bet all yer got on Butch Kelly to win dis fight; he can't lose."

"Ah, get out; he ain't got a chanct," said the other man.

"I'll betcher a gold watch he wins."

"You ain't got no gold watch."

"I'll betcher one, anyway; ye kin come troo

de train wit me, an' pick out any gold watch ye like."

THE CONDUCTOR AND THE WOMAN

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was quoted in the newspapers as telling the following story:

The conductor of a railroad train was greatly annoyed by a woman passenger who pestered him with all sorts of questions, wise and otherwise. He answered her politely, but after a time her incessant stream of queries became very tiresome.

The train stopped to take on water, and the conductor got off to see that everything was all right. When the time came for the train to go ahead, the conductor, standing outside, waved his hand at the engineer as a signal to proceed. When he got aboard the train again, the woman asked:

"Oh, conductor, why did you wave your hand at the engineer instead of ringing a bell?"

By that time, however, the conductor's patience was exhausted, and he said:

"Oh, that meant, 'Get to h—l out of here!'" And he walked away.

One of the passengers called him aside and said, "Say, conductor, you should not have said

that to that woman. Her husband is one of the directors of this road."

The conductor scratched his head and said, "Whew! I guess I'd better go back and apologize to her."

He went back and apologized. The passenger who had warned him before stopped him and asked: "Well, conductor, did you apologize to the woman? What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything," answered the conductor. "She just waved her hand!"

POOR SWEDE!

Ole, a Swede farmer in the Northwest, had had the misfortune of having had one of his cows stray on to the railroad track, and get killed by a train.

The road sent its claim agent to Ole to settle the matter and naturally the agent wanted to make the best terms of payment for the cow that he could. So he opened fire on Ole about as follows:

"You know, Ole, that your cow had no right on our track. It was only an act of Providence that it was not a passenger train that hit your cow, else there might have been a terrible accident, with many passengers killed and wounded. Just think of it, Ole, the killed and

wounded lying helpless and bleeding all over the track, just because your cow strayed on our property! By the law of *habeas corpus* and *corpus delicti*, not to say anything about the *jus gentium* and the League of Nations, we ought to make a claim on you for negligence and contributory criminality."

And he went on in that strain for several minutes, with poor Ole holding his mouth wide open and not saying a word.

Finally the claim agent said:

"But, Ole, we don't want to be too hard on you in this matter, and we want to settle with you as easily as possible. What do you say—how shall we adjust the matter?"

And Ole swallowed hard and answered:

"Ay been poor man. Ay gif you two dollars."

NOT "THROWING" THE RACE

Way back in the frontier days in the West, there wasn't much sport of an athletic kind, so in many towns the men organized foot races, and won and lost much money in betting on them. In one place there was a young man who was a good runner, and his reputation spread throughout the State.

One day, however, a stranger appeared who

gave himself out as being a good runner, and bet heavily on himself in a match race with the local runner. The latter lost the race, and the stranger won much money. Thereupon the people of the town decided that the local man had "thrown" the race in return for a share of the money, and they decided to run him out of town.

They gave him a start, and chased him into the country. He ran a mile or so, and met a grizzly bear in the road. The animal saw him, too, and chased him clear back to town. As he ran down the main street, with the grizzly close behind him, he yelled out to the people of the town:

"Maybe you d——n fools think I'm throwing *this* race, too, but I ain't!"

"EASY COME, EASY GO"

Up in the lumbering regions of Michigan, where the winters are long and cold, and the lumberjacks work very hard for their money, there was a big Swede workingman who had been in the woods all winter, and came out in the spring with his six months' wages. He had been working under a tough boss, and every dollar that he had in his jeans represented hours of terribly hard labor.

He went to the nearest town, determined to have a good time while his money lasted. One of the first places he struck was a gambling joint, operated for the purpose of separating easy marks from their money.

Well, this Swede entered the place and found a bunch of men betting on the turn of a card. He watched the game for a few minutes. Then he thought he could beat it, so he put down his whole roll, the proceeds of six months of hard labor in the woods, on one card.

Of course, he lost. He turned to walk out, and said:

"Vell, easy come, easy go!"

POLITENESS PAYS

A Western teamster found himself one day with a pair of balky oxen on his hands. No matter how much he goaded them, they would not go, and the teamster did not spare the language that has been customary with teamsters since the world began. In fact, in trying to get those oxen to go he went back to the Bull of Bashan, the sacred bulls of Egypt and other famous animals; he cussed them all, as well as the two balky oxen in front of him.

Finally, having exhausted his vocabulary, he sat down at the side of the road to rest himself. Then an idea occurred to him. He would try politeness. He said to the oxen:

"Gentlemen, please pull!"

Just as he said this, a mosquito or other bug stung one of the oxen on the ear, and he started off at a trot, pulling the other one with him. And they left the poor teamster sitting by the roadside.

GERMAN EFFICIENCY

Not long before the outbreak of the Great War, an American tourist was visiting Germany, and stopped at a little village near which the annual maneuvers of the German army were being held. This man was a great admirer of the Germans, especially of their efficiency.

He left his auto in the village and went out to the scene of the maneuvers. A motor ambulance passed him, and as it did so it stopped —an axle broke. Immediately a man got down, rushed off in the direction of the village, and reappeared in a few minutes with another axle. In a few minutes more it was fitted to the motor ambulance, and the car was off.

"Ah," said the American to himself. "There's German efficiency for you! Everything ready at hand for an emergency—no hitch, no delay!"

But he changed his tune when he got back to the village and found an axle missing from his car.

AN UNGRATEFUL WASP

There was a tramp who was lying at the roadside on a hot summer day, taking it easy. He was the picture of contentment and ease—in fact, he looked so lazy that it would take a cyclone or an earthquake to move him.

Along came an ant and crawled on the tramp's face. He paid no attention to it. Then a fly came and joined the ant, and still the tramp paid no attention. A bee came, and a caterpillar, and they joined in the parade. But still no movement from the tramp.

Finally, however, a wasp lit on his nose. Being an unsocial and irritable insect, the wasp stung the tramp right on the tip of the nose. He raised one arm, and swept his hand across his face.

"Just for that, you'll all have to get off!" he said.

NOT CHARGED ACCORDING TO WORK

In a Pennsylvania mining town the owner of a coal mine noticed that one of his laborers was suffering from a bad toothache, and sent him, with a note, to his own dentist, who was a famous and high priced practitioner. Then he telephoned to the dentist to treat the man as well as he could.

The dentist got the man in the chair, and before he had been fairly seated the bad tooth was out.

"How much do I owe you, doc?" asked the patient.

"Well," said the dentist, "my usual fee for an extraction is $5, but, seeing that you are a working man, I'll charge you only $2."

"Too much, too much, doc," said the man. "The last time I had a tooth pulled the dentist worked over me for half an hour and yanked me all over his place, and he charged me only a dollar."

WHY THE HOBO STAYED

A railroad conductor, inspecting his train, saw a tough-looking hobo stealing a ride on the caboose. Not caring to take a chance with him, the conductor ordered a brakeman to go back and chase him off the train.

The brakeman went back, and the hobo waved a big gun at him and told him to "beat it." Whereupon the brakeman returned to the conductor, and said: "Say, I found that guy back there was an old schoolmate of mine, and I didn't have the heart to put him off."

"Yeah?" said the conductor. "I'll put him off myself."

So he went back and met with the same reception from the ride-stealer. He returned, and the brakeman met him with, "Did you put him off?" "Naw," answered the conductor, "I found he was an old schoolmate of mine, too."

BETTER THAN NO COMPANY

A man who had a very high opinion of himself was riding horseback through a small town when he met, coming from a side road, another man, poorly dressed, also on horseback. The first man inquired the way to the next town. He was told pleasantly that, if he wished, the second man, who was going in the same direction, would ride with him and show him the way.

"Well," said the other, "I suppose poor company is better than none; come along."

They rode several miles without much talk, and then the first man said, "Haven't we

passed the cross-road I was supposed to take?"

"Oh, yes, two or three miles back," answered the other man, "but I agree with you that poor company is better than none, so I didn't say anything when we passed it."

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Two girls tried to buy tickets for a play, one of the hits of the season. The best that the box office could give them was two seats on the aisle, one on one side and one on the other. They took them, hoping that someone near them would be kind enough to exchange his seat for that of one of the girls.

On the night of the performance the girls took their seats, and one of them found herself next to a man who seemed to be alone. She waited for a while, but he made no move toward offering to change his seat.

Finally, she plucked up courage enough to address him. "Pardon me, sir," she said, "are you alone?"

He put his hand up to his mouth.

"Sh!" he said. "The wife's right beside me!"

NOT A SEIDLITZ POWDER

At a reception in Buckingham Palace, in

London, there were two classes of guests—one composed of high officials, members of the nobility, and so forth, who were permitted to mingle with the royalties, and another class of lower rank, who were only admitted to the palace. One class got blue tickets of admission, the other white.

By some mistake of the lord chamberlain, an American diplomat got one of the blue cards, while his wife got a white one. When they got to the palace, the officials tried to separate them. It would never do, they said, for a holder of a white card to mingle with those who had blue cards.

"Do you think we'll explode if we get together?" asked the ambassador. "What do you think we are, a seidlitz powder?"

ADVICE TO THE PRINCE

When King George of England was a young man, he was not the next heir to the throne; that position belonged to the Duke of Clarence, his older brother. The father of the two young men was the late King Edward, who was then Prince of Wales, Queen Victoria being on the throne.

Clarence and Prince George once attended a dance at a fashionable summer resort in

England, and George, who was then a young officer in the Royal Navy, shocked his elder brother very much by his democratic ways—especially by dancing with some of the young ladies present.

The Duke drew his brother to one side and remonstrated with him for his informality.

"Oh," said George, "why don't you go over in the corner and sing, 'God Save My Grandmother,' all by yourself?"

ONE OR THE OTHER WAS MISSING

There is an Eastern tale to the effect that a man once sent home three pounds of meat, for his dinner, but that when it reached home his wife, being hungry, cooked it and ate it all herself.

When the man came home he asked his wife about the meat. "It reached here safely," she said, "but before I could prepare it for you the cat stole it, and ate it all."

"Indeed!" he said, and, calling his servant, told him to fetch a pair of scales. Then he put the cat into one balance and a three-pound weight in the other. They balanced just evenly.

Then he turned to his wife. "Wife," he

said, "if this be the cat, where is the meat? And if this be the meat, where is the cat?"

MISPLACED CHARITY

Sir Thomas Lipton says that when he started in the grocery business he had only one assistant, a boy of fourteen, who was very poor. The lad was a good, industrious worker, and Lipton was fond of him.

The boy wore one suit of clothes so long that it became quite shabby, and Lipton took his own last sovereign to get the boy a new suit. The next day Jimmie did not show up, and also on the day following.

Lipton went to the lad's home, and asked his mother why Jimmie had not appeared for work. "Oh, sir," said the woman, "Jimmie looked so fine and respectable in his new suit that I thought I would send him out to look for a better job."

NOT LOSING, ANYWAY

When city folks go to the country, they are often surprised by the varying directions given them as to the distance between two points. There was a party of fishermen from the city who were walking to a mountain lake about a mile high.

They stopped at a farmhouse and asked how far away the lake was. "'Bout a mile and a half," they were told. They walked for about half an hour, and met a man on the road. "How far is it to Lake Bass?" they asked him, and got the same answer.

Then they tramped for an hour more, and stopped at another farm house to make inquiry. For a third time they were told, "'Bout a mile and a half further."

"Thank God," said one of the city men, "we're holding our own!"

SHORT AND TO THE POINT

When the railroad foreman sent a section hand to look over the condition of the roadbed along a section of the line, he said to him:

"Mind you, I want a written report, but I don't want the kind of report we got from the fellow we had before you. That guy could write more words about nothing than any other man I ever knew. You'd think he was writing a love letter instead of a report. I want you to make it snappy."

So the new man went out to look for washouts and such things. He found a washout, and reported it in the following words:

"Where the railroad was the river is."

JUST EXACTLY THE SAME

It was in one of the big department stores, where the elevators stop at each floor, and the elevator men call out the number of the floor and the kinds of merchandise that are sold there.

A woman who wanted to go to the grocery department, on the fifth floor, entered the car. Her thoughts were somewhere else, and she was still absent-minded when the car got to the fifth floor.

"Fifth!" called out the elevator man. "Groceries, sporting goods, kitchen utensils!"

The absent-minded woman woke up with a start. "Oh," she said to the elevator man, "is this five?"

He looked at her and almost sneered. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "*fifth* is exactly the same as *five!*"

"CARELESS WITH THE CORNERS"

Every profession and business has its experts, men who take a pride in their calling and who like to do a finished bit of work. This respect for good work is found even among men of what are known as the humblest callings.

Two street cleaners were overheard discuss-

ing one of their fellow workmen who had died a short time before.

Said one of them:

"Jim was a good man with the shovel and the broom."

"He was that, one of the best men in the whole department."

"He could clean up a street about as well as any man we had."

"He could that—but don't you think he was just a bit careless with the corners?"

OUGHT TO BE IMPOSSIBLE

Samuel Johnson, at a concert, was observed by a friend to be very inattentive to the playing of a violin soloist. The friend said to him:

"Doctor Johnson, that piece that is now being played is very difficult."

"Difficult, do you call it?" said Johnson. "I wish it were impossible!"

WHAT HE WOULD DO

Thomas A. Edison told the story of a dealer in phonographs who tried very hard to get a piccolo player to buy a phonograph. Finally, as a last resort, in order to induce the musician to buy, the dealer got him to make a record

of his own playing. The selection was "The Last Rose of Summer."

When it was ready, the dealer turned on the record. "There," he said to the piccolo player, "will you buy a phonograph now?"

"No," answered the musician, "but I'm going to sell the piccolo."

TWO KINDS OF MUSIC

It was a warm, summer evening, and the window of the cottage was wide open. At the window sat a man and his wife. Outside the crickets were making their usual chirps, while a short distance away, in the village church, the choir was rehearsing.

"How loudly they are singing to-night!" said the man, referring to the choir.

"Yes," answered his wife, "and it is said that they do it with their hind legs."

NEGRO

NOT ANXIOUS

Many men, when they are looking for work, are like the colored man who said:

"Say, mister, you don't know nobody what wants to hire nobody to do nothin' fer 'em dis mornin', does yuh?"

HE'D HEED THE WARNING

A darkey in a Southern city was asked:

"What would you do, Bill, if you got a letter from the Ku Klux Klan?"

"What would Ah do? Ah'd finish readin' it on de train."

NO DISCRIMINATION

A colored girl was called to the telephone, and her end of the conversation was overheard, as follows:

"Yes, dis is Miss Jones speakin'."

"What, will I marry you?"

"Yes; what am de name of the gentleman speakin'?"

REAL MOURNING

A white woman engaged a colored servant who had recently lost her husband. Going into the servant's room, the mistress found her laying out some black underwear, with black ribbons in it.

"Why, Eliza," said she, "why did you get all those black things?"

"Missus," replied the servant, "when Ah mourns, Ah *mourns!*

VERY FAR

During a Ku Klux Klan agitation in a Southern town, a negro resident expressed his dissatisfaction with conditions there by saying:

"Ah'm goin' ter leave dis here town flat. Ah'm goin' away f'm heah so far dat it's goin' ter take five dollars' wuth of postage stamps to send me a postcard."

NOT FOR HIM

It was noon time, the factory whistle blew, and all the workers came out, some on their way home for lunch, some scattering to nearby restaurants.

There was a darkey standing on the street corner, looking sadly at the crowd. "Dinner time for some people," he said, "but only just twelve o'clock for me!"

HE HAD TO STAY OUTSIDE

When the parson of a colored church went to the home of a recently bereaved brother to officiate at the funeral services of his wife, he found, standing on the stairs outside, a diminutive little darkey.

"Come inside, brudder," said the parson. "Ah'm a little late, an' we shall commence the services as soon as Ah gets inside."

"Can't go in nohow, parson," said the little negro. "Ah'm de crape."

WANTED NOTHING TO HINDER HIM

In the days of the great draft, a negro was passed, and then said to the examiner:

"Boss, Ah like to ask one favor, now dat you're goin' ter put me in de army."

"What do you want?" asked the examiner.

"Don't put me in de cavalry."

"What's your prejudice against the cavalry?"

"Boss, w'en Ah's told ter retreat, Ah don't want ter be bothered with no hoss."

TALKING ABOUT STRONG MEN

Talking about strong men, there was the negro who was hired to unload anvils from a steamboat. He carried them down the gang-plank, one anvil under each arm.

His foot slipped, and he fell into the water. As he felt himself going, he yelled out:

"Hey, fo' de Lawd's sake, some one ketch me befo' Ah drops one of dese here anvils!"

A QUICK APOLOGY

A bunch of colored men, during a crap game, were listening to one of their number telling about his girl.

"Oh, boy!" said he. "That girl sure do know how to love! She sure do throw her arms around your neck and kiss!"

"Ah say *she do!*" exclaimed one of the others.

"What's that, nigger?" asked the first speaker, quickly.

"Ah say, *do she?*" hastily explained the other man.

AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION

A colored boy was arraigned in a Southern city before a judge, on a charge of being incorrigible. The judge was very severe in his condemnation of the way in which the boy had been brought up. The mother of the culprit did not like it, and said:

"Jedge, yo' honah, mout Ah ask you one question?"

"What is it?" said the judge.

"Jedge, was you evah de parent of a puffeckly wuthless cullud chile?"

A FIXED DATE

"Missus," said the colored girl, "I'd like to get off on Thursday afternoon, come three weeks from now."

"All right," said the mistress, "but why fix the date so far ahead?"

"I'll be goin' to mah financé's funeral," said the girl.

The mistress was shocked. "Why, how do you know?" she asked.

"He's goin' to be hung on de day befo," said the girl.

REAL TACT

A colored man was applying for a job in a hotel.

"This job," said the manager, "is one in which you may be called on to use a good deal of tact, in dealing with the guests. Now, for example, suppose you were to open the door of a bath-room, and there was a lady taking a bath. What would you do?"

"What would Ah do, sah? Why, Ah'd say, *'Oh, excuse me, sah!'* an' Ah'd close de door."

COULDN'T STAND THE DRAFT

A real Southern darkey drifted way up North, and found himself in Minnesota in the dead of Winter. The cold was too much for him; he contracted pneumonia and died.

They couldn't send the body way back to

Alabama, so they decided to cremate it. They left it in the fiery furnace over night, and the next day the manager of the crematory opened the door to see if everything was all right.

A voice came out: "Hey, shut dat door! Does you want me to ketch cold frum de draf'?"

A PERMANENT HOME

Two colored truck drivers got into a row on the river front. One of them "edged" into line ahead of another, and the other fellow was very sore.

"Say, nigger," he said, "nex' time Ah ketches you takin' my place that there-a-way, Ah'm goin' ter knock you outer house an' home!"

"Huh," said the other tough specimen, "Ah ain't got no home; how you goner knock me outer house an' home w'en Ah ain't got none?"

"Nigger," said the first man, "Ah'll *dig* you one!"

WASTED SAVINGS

A colored man was taken to task by a white friend for his shiftlessness. "Here you are, spending all the money you earn. Suppose

next Winter should be a hard one, what would you do then?"

The negro took the advice to heart, and saved his money. But the following Spring he was heard complaining:

"Ah took yo' advice an' saved mah money fo' a ha'd Winter, and 'long come de Winter, an' 'twas de easiest Winter we evah had in de State of Georgy. An' heah Ah am wid all dat money on mah han's!"

A SUSPICIOUS SUGGESTION

On his way to the lake where he intended to do some fishing, a man dropped his lunch on the road, without noticing the loss. He missed the lunch, however, when he got to the lake, and he went back along the road to look for it.

Coming toward him there was a colored man with a happy expression on his face, and picking his teeth. The fisherman accosted him with:

"Did you find anything on the road?"

To which the colored man replied: "No, sah, I didn't fin' nothin'; couldn't maybe a dog found it an' et it up?"

WHERE IT HURT MOST

A little colored girl was standing in the street, crying as though her heart would break. Along came a white man who knew her, and said:

"What's the trouble, Mandy? What are you crying that way for?"

"Oh," wailed the girl, "mah feets hurt; oh, my poor feets hurt!"

"What's the matter with your feet?"

"Ah wuz standin' on a pile of scrap iron, an' mah father hit me on the head wid a sledge-hammer; oh, my feets hurt!"

NOT VERY TRUSTFUL

A colored servant girl went to her mistress, and said:

"Ah'm goin' to leave you, missus. Ah'm goin' to get married."

"Well," said the mistress, "I'm sorry to lose you; you have been a good girl. I owe you a month's wages, and here's another month's pay as a wedding present."

"Missus," said the girl, "dere's a favor Ah'd like to ask you. Would you min' taking care of dis here money for me fo' awhile?"

"No, I don't mind," said the mistress, "but

if you're going to get married, won't you need all your money?"

"Huh!" said the girl. "Do you think Ah'd trust myself wid all dat money wid a strange niggah?"

A VERY SICK NEGRO

On a very hot summer's day in a Southern city, a practical joker, a white man, walked in one of the city parks and saw a negro stretched out at full length, asleep, with his mouth wide open. The temptation was too great for the joker; he went to a nearby drugstore, got ten grains of powdered quinine, and placed it on the tongue of the sleeper.

In a few moments the negro awoke, and with a yell, ran over to the white man. "Fo' de Lawd's sake, boss," he said, "is you a doctor?"

"No," said the white man.

"Boss," said the colored man. "Ah'm a pow'ful sick man. Will yo' get me a doctor, an' save mah life?"

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Boss, Ah think mah gall's busted!"

THE MISSING CHICKEN LEG

On a Southern plantation, the master had a guest for dinner. Among the dishes was

a roast chicken, and the host was greatly mortified to have it come to the table with one leg missing. Later he called his servant to task.

"Massa," said the colored man, "that there chicken ain't had but one laig. Look, dey's all got one laig," and he took him to where some hens were roosting, with one leg tucked under their bodies.

"Shoo!" said the white man, and the hens woke up and dropped the other leg.

"But, massa," said the darkey, "you nevah said 'Shoo!' to de one on de table!' "

NO PLACE FOR A RAILROAD

There was talk of running a railroad through a certain section of a Southern State in which there are no mountains or even hills—nothing but dead level country for many miles. The people were all excited over the prospect of communication with the outer world, especially the darkies.

There was one darkey, however, who refused to become enthusiastic over the matter. He had traveled a little in neighboring States, and he told his friends and neighbors that their section would never have a railroad.

"Why not?" they said.

"Kain't you see whut kin' o' country we got

around here?" he answered. "All flat; nary a hill ner a mount'in anywhere. Kain't have no railroad; nothin' to run tunnels through."

SWIFT MOVEMENT

A negro, giving testimony against another one who had tried to shoot him, told the jury that he had heard the bullet twice—"once when it passed me, an' once when Ah passed it."

In another case, in which a man had been murdered in a hotel, one of the witnesses was the colored porter. He said, on the stand:

"Ah can't rightly tell you gen'lemen much 'bout dis here case, 'ceptin' dat Ah heard de two shots fired, one right spang after de other one."

"Where were you when the shots were fired?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"When de first one wuz fired, Ah wuz shinin' a pair o' shoes in de basement of de hotel, an' when de second one wuz fired Ah wuz passin' de railroad depot."

QUICK WORK

One Sunday the mistress of a colored cook was approached with the request that the family have dinner an hour earlier, as the cook wanted to go off duty an hour earlier to

attend a funeral. The request was granted, and after dinner the cook, clad in black, left the house.

On the following Sunday the cook again requested that dinner be advanced an hour, but this time without giving any reason. She was a good cook, and the mistress was anxious not to offend her, so the request was granted again.

This time, however, the cook was clad in her gayest and best Sunday finery. The mistress met her as she was leaving the house. The white woman said:

"You're not going to a funeral this Sunday, Mandy?"

"No, ma'am; Ah'm goin' to be de bride of de corpse's husband."

NOT THE CHURCH FOR HER

A Southern white woman had a negro servant who was very devout, and a faithful worker for the Baptist church of which she was a member. She used to speak very often of her pastor, of her church and of its work, but once the mistress noticed that for several weeks she had been strangely silent on the subject.

"What is wrong, Hannah?" asked the mis-

tress. "You haven't said much about the church lately."

"Oh, Ah done lef' dat dere chu'ch, missis; Ah done join de Methodis' chu'ch."

"Why, how was that?"

"Well, you see, missus, dey got to fightin' an' fightin' in dat dere Baptis' chu'ch, till yo' couldn' fin' no Christian peace an' charity dere no more; it used ter be, in dat dere chu'ch, 'Did you have any preachin'? Who praught?' But lately dey said, 'Did you have any fightin'? Who fought?'"

NOT THAT MUCH DIFFERENCE

A white man, in a Southern State, was riding to town, when he met a negro whom he knew. "Massa," said the colored man, "ef you is ridin' to town, will you do me a faveh?"

"What is it?" asked the white man.

"Ah wants to get a license so Ah can mek marriage with Liza Stebbins."

"All right," said the white man. "I'll get the license for you."

On his return he stopped at the negro's cabin and said, "Here's your license."

The negro scratched his head. "Massa," he said, "sence you been here Ah kinder changed mah min'. Ah ain't goner mek mar-

riage with Liza Stebbins; Ah'm goner marry with Susan Brown. Kin Ah have the name changed on dat dere license?"

"You can," said the white man, "but it will cost you fifty cents to have the name changed."

The negro hesitated. "Reckon you better let me have dat license, massa. Dere's ain't fifty cents' wuth o' difference between them there two womans."

REALLY HOT STUFF

A colored preacher was trying to impress on his congregation the terrors of hell.

"Brederin an' sistern," he asked, "is any of you evah been in Bummingham, Alabama, where de big steel works is?"

"Ah been there, pahson," said one member of the congregation.

"Is you been in de mills, and has you evah seen de hot steel when it comes out of the furnaces?" asked the preacher.

"Yes, preacher, Ah seen it."

"Well, den you knows how hot dat stuff is. Ah wants to tell all you sinners dat when dat dere stuff comes out of de furnace, it's *hot*. It's white hot, it's sizzlin' hot. In fac', it's so hot dat no one kin come anywheres near it without gettin' shriveled up. Well, brederin

an' sistern, *in hell dey uses dat dere stuff fo' ice-cream!"*

SOME REAL RUNNING

There was a colored man who found himself, one midnight, walking past a graveyard. He was scared, and kept looking sidewise, and over his shoulder. Once, as he did so, he saw the devil walking alongside him, and smiling at him.

Rastus gave one big jump, and then commenced running as no man ever ran before since the world began. He ran about a mile at top speed, until he couldn't run any more; his breath gave out. He leaned against a fence to rest, and there was the devil still at his side, and still smiling.

"Did you run, Rastus?" said the Evil One, pleasantly.

"No, sah, no, sah, Ah'd didn't run!" said Rastus. "But Ah'm goin' to run *now!"*

NOT MUCH OF A MISS

The late Senator Daniel, of Virginia, lived some distance away from a river on which there plied a steamboat which he took sometimes on his way to Washington. In order to catch the boat, he had himself driven down by

a negro hackman, who was frequently late. Once the Senator himself was delayed, and he sent word to the driver that, in order to catch the boat, the coach would have to be ready exactly on time.

Nevertheless, the negro was late, as usual, and the Senator made him whip up his horses. They got to the landing just in time to see the boat disappearing around a bend in the river.

"There, Sam, I told you we'd be late!" said Mr. Daniel; "we've missed the boat."

"Yes, suh," returned the colored man, "dat's so; but she ain't been gone long."

NOT A LION TAMER

After an absence of several years, a negro turned up again in his native town. Prosperity stood out all over him; in his flashy new clothes and in the diamonds on his finger and in his shirt.

He met an old acquaintance, who eyed him with wonder and envy. "How come, Bill?" he asked. "Is you been robbin' a bank, or is you one of dem rich bootleggers?"

"Neider," said Bill. "Ah got me a good job, wid a circus."

"Dat so? What you do wid dat dere circus?"

"Ah got a easy job. All Ah got to do is, three times a day Ah goes into de lion's cage, ketches hold of his nose wid one hand, grabs his lower jaw wid de odder hand, pulls open his mouf, an' puts mah head between his jaws. Dat's all—only three times a day."

"You does dat fo' a livin'?"

"Ah shuah does."

"Say, what kin' er job you calls dat?"

"I'm a lion tamer."

"Yo' ain't no lion *tamer*. Yo is a lyin' *nigger*."

APPROPRIATE CLOTHING

After the Armistice, two American negro soldiers were talking about what they would do when they got back home. Some of our colored fighters believed that they won the war all by themselves, and one of these two thought he had more to do with it than Foch or Pershing.

"When Ah gets back to my home in Alabama," he said, "Ah'm goin' to git me one of dem P'am Beach suits, and a nice Panama hat, an' yeller shoes, an' a red neck-tie, and Ah knows a white gal in my town, an' Ah'm goin' to call on her and take her for a walk right down de Main Street."

"Is dat what you're goin' to do when you gets back home?"

"Ah sure is. An' what you goin' to do?"

"Who, me? Ah'm goin' to get me a black suit, and a black hat wid crape on it, and a black tie, and a nice pair of black shoes."

"Hey, what you goin' to do wid all dem black t'ings?"

"Why, Ah'll be goin' to your funeral!"

NO EYE FOR SUNSETS

Some people have no eye for beauty, natural or artificial. Even the magnificent glories of the sunrise or the sunset fail to arouse their souls.

There was a white woman on a Southern plantation who was alone in the house one evening, save for an old colored mammy. The mistress was sewing on the verandah, while the cook was busy in the kitchen, preparing dinner. The white woman looked up, and her eye was caught and held by the wondrous glory of a perfect summer sunset. It was so beautiful that she wished to share its joy with someone else, and the only other human being around was the colored mammy.

"Oh, Betty, come quick!" she called. "See the perfectly wonderful sunset!"

The colored woman did not like being disturbed at her work, but she came, took a look at the red and gold in the sky, and went back to her kitchen. A few minutes later, the colors having shifted, the mistress called her again.

But this time Betty refused to be summoned. She called back:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, missus! It ain't much wusser dan it wuz, is it?"

OUT OF LUCK

A colored man had managed, somehow or other, to save ten dollars. He decided that it wasn't safe to have so much money around the house, and deposited it in a bank run by his own people.

Strange to say, he left the money in the bank about six months, and then decided he could use it to better advantage than the bank. He said to the paying teller:

"Ah'd like to get de money what Ah got in this here bank."

"Ah don't know nuthin' 'bout your money," said the paying teller. "What evidence is you got dat you got any money here?"

"Ah got mah book," said the depositor.

"Let's have a look at dat dere book."

The book was passed in, and inspected. Then the paying teller said:

"Say, nigger, did you notice de date when you put dat money in dis bank?"

"Sure, Ah did; 'twuz 'bout six months ago."

"You ain't got no money here no more, nigger; de interest done et dat money up long ago!"

SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

In a little Southern city there was a judge who often acted as general friend and adviser of all the people in the town, white and colored.

One day there came to him a middle-aged colored woman with whom he was well acquainted. She said to him:

"Jedge, yo' honah, Ah'd like ter get a divorce f'um Bill."

Now, the judge knew that she and her husband had been married many years, and had always lived together pretty peaceably. So he was surprised when she expressed a desire for a divorce.

"What's the matter, Mandy?" he asked. "Has Bill been beating you up lately?"

"Oh, no, sah," she said; "Bill never lay a finger on me!"

"Well, has he been holding out his pay on you?"

"No," she said, "he gives me his pay ev'y Sat'day night."

"Has he been drinking too much? Or running around with strange ladies?"

"Oh, no, jedge; Bill ain't never done any o' dem t'ings."

"Well, it seems to me, then, that Bill's a pretty good sort of man. What in the world do you want to get a divorce from Bill for?"

"Well, you see, jedge," she said, *"Ah jes' kinder los' mah taste foh Bill!"*

WHY HE LIKED THE CAMEL

Harris Dickson, the Tennessee novelist, used to tell a story about an old negro, who had been a slave in his family, and who cherished for many years the ambition to go to the circus. He had seen, many times, the flaming posters showing the elephants and the tigers, the clowns and the pretty ladies riding on horseback, but he had never found the opportunity to see them.

Dickson promised the old man that the next time the circus came to town, he should be taken. The time came, and the old man was in his glory. He enjoyed everything to the full

—the menagerie, the performers, the peanuts and the lemonade. After it was all over, Dickson said to him:

"Well, uncle, how did you like the circus?"

"Marse Harris," said the old darkey, "Ah can't tell yo' how much dis day has meant fo' me. It sure has been de greates' day of mah life. Ah'm ready to say now, 'Lawd, let Thy servant depa't in peace.' "

"Well, uncle, of all that you saw in the circus, what did you like best?"

"Ah can't tell you dat, Marse Harris. Hit were all too wonderful fo' words."

"But, uncle, surely there was something that you liked best of all?"

The old darkey thought for a moment. Then he said:

"Ah think Ah liked de camel de best."

Dickson was astonished. Of all the wonders of the circus, after a lifetime of waiting, to like the camel best!

"Why, uncle, what was there about the camel that attracted you so much?"

"Marse Harris, dat dere animal sure had de mos' noble smell!"

A VERY LONG TERM

In a Southern city, the police magistrate became very tired of having darkies brought

before him on the charge of shooting craps, which was an offense against the city ordinances. He announced that the next crap shooters brought before him would not be let off with fines, as before, but would go to the lock-up.

The next morning three experts with the "bones" were brought before him. "I told you niggers that the next time you came before me you'd go to the workhouse," he said, "and I'm going to keep my word. Any of you crap shooters got your dice with you?"

"Ah got a pair, jedge, yo' honor," said one of them.

"Well, you roll them here on the desk in front of me, and I'm going to give you a month for each spot that comes up."

The first darkey rolled, and got two sixes, "Twelve months," said the judge. "Next!"

The next man rolled; he got a six and a five, and the judge said, "Eleven months!"

The third darkey took this all in, and was scared almost sick. He put his hand in his pocket, and found there, by chance, a couple of cubes of sugar. He took them out, rolled them in front of the judge, and said:

"De good Lawd be praised! A miracle, jedge, a miracle! Look at dem dice, yo' honor,

—no spots on 'em at all! Ah goes free, jedge!"

"Oh, no," said the judge, "you don't go free. You go to jail and stay there till the spots come out on those dice!"

POLITICS

REAL ADMIRATION

In one of the Western States there was a Senator who had come up from the ranks, and who was known to be very proud of his success in life.

One of his friends said to a political opponent of the Senator:

"Well, after all, you've got to give him credit for what he has done; you know, he is a self-made man."

"I know he is," answered the other one, "and he adores his maker."

"PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS"

The editor of the city paper was at his desk when in stormed a local politician. There was fire in his eye, and in his hand was a copy of the day's paper.

"Hey," he said, "what in blazes do you mean

by printing this item about my resigning as city treasurer?"

"Why, you have resigned, haven't you?" asked the editor.

"That's right enough, but what do you mean by putting the news under the heading, 'Public Improvements?'"

ONLY ONE ON HAND

A political orator in one of the Southern States—a Democrat, of course—was making a speech, when he was interrupted by a commotion at the rear of the hall.

He stopped his speech to ask, "What's wrong back there?"

A voice answered him:

"Someone's picked my pocket, and got my watch!"

"I'm sorry," said the speaker, "but I didn't know there were any Republicans in the audience."

"There ain't, there ain't!" said the victim. "I'm the only one!"

NO CHOICE

A Democratic candidate, in a house-to-house canvass, was trying to persuade a voter to cast his ballot for the Democratic candidates.

"No," said the voter, "my father was a Republican, and so was my grandfather, and I won't vote anything but the Republican ticket."

"That's no argument," said the candidate. "Suppose your father and your grandfather had been horse-thieves, would that make you a horse-thief?"

"No," came the answer, "I suppose that in that case I'd be a Democrat."

ONE OF REED'S RETORTS

When the late Tom Reed was Speaker of the House of Representatives, he was noted for the sarcastic remarks which he made to members of the House and others.

One day one of the dullest and least able members of the House was making a speech in which he was defending his course in a certain matter.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am like Henry Clay; I would rather be right than be President!"

"You will never be either," said Reed.

A WARNING

Clemenceau, the famous French statesman, was once standing on a railroad platform,

waiting for a train, when he was accosted by a member of the Chamber of Deputies, whom Clemenceau knew for a dull, uninteresting speaker. But he could not get away, so the other man buttonholed him and tried to involve him in a political discussion.

There was no one else in sight except a man at the far end of the platform. As the dull speaker finished a sentence, the man on the platform yawned.

"Careful, careful, monsieur!" said Clemenceau. "We are overheard!"

WHEN SMOOT APPLAUDED

Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, was once called upon to make a speech in a little community in which the great majority of the people were Swedes. The Senator understood no Swedish. While he was making his speech, there was very little applause. He was followed by a man who spoke in Swedish, and got lots of applause. The Senator followed the crowd, and applauded whenever anyone in the audience gave him the cue to do so.

When the man had finished, he turned to the chairman of the meeting, who sat next to him on the platform, and asked:

"What was he talking about?"

"He was translating your speech into Swedish," said the chairman.

NOBODY TO GIVE IT TO US

A group of Congressmen, opposed to the administration, were discussing the Government's policy in regard to certain South American and Central American countries. With them was one Englishman.

One of the Congressmen said:

"The whole trouble is that we Americans need a d——d good licking!"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed!" said the Britisher.

"But there ain't nobody can give it to us!"

"MEDICAL" ADVICE

During one of the fights in the House of Representatives, in Washington, one of the members called a fellow member, from Missouri, an "ass." The offended man objected, and the chair ruled that the use of the expression constituted unparliamentary language, and that it must be withdrawn.

"I withdraw the language," said the offender, "but I insist that the gentleman from Missouri is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the other member.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," came the answer.

A GOOD POLITICIAN

Mark Hanna was walking through one of his steel mills one day, when he overheard a boy, one of his employees, saying:

"I wish I had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

When Mark got back to his office he sent for the boy, and said to him:

"So you wish you had my money and I was in the poorhouse, eh? And if you had my money, what would you do with it?"

"Why, Senator," said the boy, "the first thing I'd do would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

Hanna dismissed the boy, then sent a message to the foreman to keep an eye on the lad and advance him as rapidly as possible. "He's too good a politician to lose," said Mark.

AN AMBASSADOR'S REPLY

At a diplomatic reception in London all the guests, except Joseph H. Choate, the American ambassador, were dressed in splendid diplomats' uniforms, with gold braid and lace and decorations. Mr. Choate was dressed, as is

the custom for American diplomats, in plain black evening dress.

A high British official mistook Mr. Choate for one of the waiters and said to him, "Call me a cab." Mr. Choate looked at him and said, "You are a cab."

The official became very indignant over what he thought was a waiter's insolence, and complained to the host, at the same time pointing out Mr. Choate. "Good Lord, man," said the host, "that is no waiter; that is Mr. Choate, the American ambassador." Naturally, the Britisher was dumbfounded by his error, and begged the host to take him to Mr. Choate so that he might apologize.

Mr. Choate accepted the apology smilingly. "You asked me to call you a cab, and I did so," he said. "If you had been better looking, I would have called you a hansom cab."

PRISONERS

THE CONVICT'S REQUEST

There were two convicts in state's prison.

"Say, buddy, how long a stretch you got?"

"I'm in for life. How about you—when do you get out?

"Twenty-five years."

"Say, will you mail a letter for me on your way out?"

NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM

A visitor to state's prison was passing the door of one of the cells, when the inmate said to him:

"Say, bo, what time is it?"

The visitor was a hard-hearted man. He said. "What difference does it make to you what time it is? You're not going anywhere."

QUITE DIFFERENT

The policeman was taking his prisoner to the station house, when a gust of wind carried away the prisoner's hat. He asked the policeman to let him run and get it.

"What," said the "cop," "let you run after your hat, and get away from me? Not much; you stay here and I'll run for the hat."

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

ALWAYS POLITE

"What is wrong with this sentence, children?" asked the teacher. "The horse and the cow is in the lot."

A boy spoke up:

"The cow and the horse is in the lot."

"What makes you correct it in that way, Johnny?"

"The lady should be mentioned first," said Johnny.

GOOD SHOOTING

"Is there any good shooting around here, son?" asked a city man out in the country with a gun.

"Well, no," said the boy, "no deer or rabbits or birds or anything like that, but our schoolteacher is taking a walk just over the hill."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Tommy was by far the worst boy in the class, so, when the young lady teacher returned from luncheon, and found scrawled on the blackboard, "Tommy is the best kisser in this class," she turned at once to him, and asked:

"Tommy, did you write that?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy.

"You will stay in after school!" said the teacher.

After hours, the rest of the boys hung

around the school door waiting to learn what happened to Tommy. In a few minutes he came out, and the other "kids" crowded about him.

"Did she lick you, Tommy?" "What did she do to you, Tommy?" they asked.

"I ain't tellin'," said Tommy, "but it pays to advertise."

VERY EXCLUSIVE

In a fashionable girls' school in New England—one of those schools in which your grandmother enters your name for matriculation, long before she herself is married—the history teacher was telling the story of the settlement of the country.

"Miss Cabot," she asked, "can you tell me who came over in the 'Mayflower'?"

"Yes," said the girl, "I can; my ancestors and a few other people."

PATRICK HENRY SAID IT

The public school class had been particularly trying, and the teacher said:

"You have all been very mischievous to-day, and you will have to remain in after hours."

A boy's voice came from the back of the room, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

The teacher looked up quickly. "Who said

that?" she demanded. And the same voice replied:

"Patrick Henry."

ONE WAY TO GRADUATE

Former President Taft, said, in a speech:

"Some men are graduated from college *cum laude,* some are graduated *summa cum laude,* and some are graduated *mirabile dictu.*" [1]

TWO BAD BUMPS

An absent-minded professor, leaving his cottage by the front gate, bumped into a cow that had strayed into the road. "Oh, pardon me, madam!" said the professor, raising his hat.

Then he began his walk along the road, and was deep in thought when he bumped against a lady coming in the opposite direction. "You here again, you brute!" he exclaimed.

WHAT HE WAS GOOD FOR

A professor of sociology went to the backwoods of Tennessee to study the living condi-

[1] For readers who have forgotten their Latin, it might be well to translate. *Cum laude* means "with praise"; *summa cum laude* means "with highest praise"; and *mirabile dictu* means "marvelous to relate."

tions of the people, but he did not want them to know that they were being investigated.

He was talking to one of the women of the region, when she said to him:

"Stranger, if I knowed as much as you do I'd go somewhars an' start a grocery store."

CUTTING A CLASS

Two young fellows, roommates, were seated in their room one evening, when one of them was astonished to see the other take a perfectly blank sheet of paper, fold it, put it into an envelope, and address and stamp the envelope carefully.

"Say," he asked, "what in the world are you mailing out that blank sheet of paper for?"

"I'm taking a course in a correspondence school, and I'm cutting a class."

USEFUL INFORMATION

It was nearing the close of the college term, and the professor was warning his class that if they expected to pass they must get busy and "brush up."

"The time is becoming short," he said; "the examination papers are already in the hands of the printer."

After a few more remarks, he said:

"Are there any questions anyone would like to ask?"

One student spoke up:

"What's the name and address of the printer?"

FAIR ENOUGH

Two students were discussing the matter of spending the evening.

"Let's go to that frat dance," said one.

"No," said the other, "let's go to the movies."

"Say, we're forgetting that we've got an exam. on for to-morrow."

"Tell you what let's do. Let's toss up a coin. If it comes heads, we'll go to the dance; if it comes tails, we'll go to the movies, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

NO SCANDAL MONGER

The professor of history was enjoying himself very much at a fraternity dance. He was seated between two charming young ladies, who were flattering him by asking him questions on his own specialty.

After he had expounded his theories of the origin of the American Indian, the real cause of the Great War, and other matters, one of the girls asked him:

"Professor, how many children did Mary Queen of Scots have?"

"Young lady," replied the professor, "I am not a scandal monger!"

FRANKNESS PAYS

There was a college professor who was nominated for a political office, much against his will, because his friends were tired of having the place filled by a professional politician.

He was called upon to make a speech, and said:

"My friends, you will have to excuse me if I speak poorly. I can't make a speech." And he went on to talk about the issues of the campaign.

When he had finished, an old man said to him:

"Professor, you are a Democrat, and I've been a Republican all my life, but I'm going to vote for you. You said you can't make a speech and, by Jove, you can't!"

"CLASSES, LASSES, ASSES"

A certain professor was popular with his students, but they liked to play jokes on him.

One day he chalked up on the blackboard, in big letters:

"Professor So-and-so will meet his classes here to-morrow morning."

One of the students read the notice, took the eraser, and rubbed out the "c," the first letter of the word "classes."

The professor happened to return, and saw the alteration. He also got hold of the eraser, and rubbed out the letter "l."

A NEW KIND

A professor of geology used to encourage his class to bring specimens of minerals, for classification, description and analysis. One of the students, thinking to play a joke on the professor, took an irregularly shaped piece of common brick, discolored and stained it, and brought it in.

The professor, taking up the first specimen shown him, said, "This is a piece of copper ore from Michigan." Of the second he said, "This is a piece of lead-zinc ore from Missouri." Then he came to the "fake" specimen. "This," he said, "is a piece of impudence from some member of this class."

HE APPROVED OF PLATO

There was a university professor of philosophy who used to spend his Summer vacations on a farm in the Adirondacks. The owner of the farm was a man who had a very large fund of good, sound common sense, although he had had little opportunity to acquire "book l'arnin'." The professor had many interesting discussions with him.

When the time came to go back to college, the professor lent to the farmer a book on the philosophy of Plato, advising him to read it, and telling the farmer he would be back next Summer to discuss it with him. The following year the professor visited the farm again, and asked the farmer:

"Well, what do you think of that book on Plato that I lent you?"

"Do you know," said the farmer, "that old fellow had some of my ideas."

SCOTCH

COULDN'T SWIM THE ATLANTIC

In the Highlands of Scotland, there was a shepherd who had a beautiful collie, which was greatly admired by visitors to those parts. The Scotchman let it be known that he would not

be averse to selling the dog, and several times he parted with him for goodly sums of "siller." But the dog always came back.

Once an American tourist admired the animal very much, and offered a very large sum for him; in fact, he offered several times what the others had paid for the collie. But the owner steadfastly refused to sell.

"Tammas," asked one of his friends, "were ye no a fule not to accept the mon's offer?"

"Nay," answered Tammas; "surely ye wouldna expect the puir beastie to swim the Atlantic?"

THE GUILTY PARTY

"You are charged with being intoxicated," said a judge to a man brought before him. "What is your name?"

"My name is Angus MacPherson MacNabb," said the prisoner.

"And who bought you the whisky?" said the judge.

FOOLISH MAN

"Hey, mon," said one Scotchman to another, "did ye no hear the news? Jamie Macpherson has been taken up for stealin' a coo."

"Puir, foolish body!" said the other. "Could he no ha' bought it, an' no paid for it?"

VERY EXPENSIVE

"Well, Sandy," asked a Scotchman of a friend who had been on a visit to London, "an' hoo did ye like yon city?"

"I liked it verra weel," answered Sandy, "but it's a verra expensive place to leeve in; I hadna been there but four an' twenty hours when bang went saxpence!"

BOTH SCOTCH

Putting up at a country inn in Yorkshire, England, a traveler noticed what a bright, industrious and willing worker the hostler was. He asked some questions about the man, and was told that he was a Scotchman, and had worked at the inn for almost twenty years.

"How is it," he asked the hostler himself, "that so good a workman as yourself, and a Scotchman, has not become the master of this inn?"

"Oh," said the hostler, "you forget, sir, that the master here is Scotch also!"

SAD ACCIDENT

An American, visiting Scotland one Winter, was greatly taken by a Scotchman who acted

as his guide, and when he left the country he presented to the Scot a fine fur cap, with ear-laps.

The next Winter he visited Scotland again, and was surprised to find that the man was not wearing the cap. "I've no been wearin' it since the accident," said the guide.

"What accident?" the American asked.

"Weel, a man asked me to tak' a drink, and I didna hear him."

NO MASTERPIECE

After a Scotchman had been away from his native village for several years, he returned, bringing with him a bride. She was a good, honest, God-fearing soul, but she was not what the Scotch themselves call "well favored."

"Andy," asked a friend, "how did you come to marry such a homely woman?"

"Well," answered Andy. "She na sae bad. I maun say that she's the Lord's handiwork, but I'm no sayin' that she's His masterpiece."

NOT SO DAFT

In a little Scotch town there lived old Andy, who was what is called in some parts a "natural." He was simple-minded, and the

villagers used to show him off to visitors. They'd offer him two coins, a big copper penny and a small silver sixpence, and Andy would invariably take the penny.

One day an American said to him:

"Say, Andy, don't you know the difference between a penny and sixpence?"

"Aye," said Andy, "I ken weel the difference 'tween the penny an' the saxpence. But if I took the saxpence once. they'd never offer me either one again."

ENGLISH, IRISH AND SCOTCH

Three men, an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, were walking together in a business street, when they noticed a very pretty young woman arranging some goods in a shop window.

"Let's go in," said the Englishman, "and ask her if Mr. Thompson is employed there, and so we can get a chance to have a chat with her."

"That would not do at all," said the Irishman, "let us go in and make some small purchase of her."

"Hoot, mon!" said the Scotchman. "Dinna let's throw away oor siller. Let us just gang in and ask for change of half a crown."

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

A Scotchman—one of the old type, strait-laced and opposed to all forms of gambling—was persuaded, somehow, by a nephew to make a bet on a horse race. He put up a dollar, at 20 to 1.

The horse won, and the nephew came to give the uncle his winnings. He handed the old man a twenty-dollar bill and a one.

"What's all this?" asked the uncle. "That's the money you won on the horse race, uncle," said the nephew.

"What, I get back twenty-one dollars for my one?"

"You sure do."

"Guid heaven!" said the old man. "How long has this thing been goin' on?"

TOO BIG FOR A "MOOSE"[1]

An old Scotchwoman had a son who announced his intention of going to Canada to seek his fortune there. Before the time for his leaving, however, the good old lady looked up a book on Canada, to see what kind of country her son was going to. One of the first things that struck her eye was a picture of a big bull moose.

[1] "Moose" is "broad Scots" for "mouse."

"You'll na be goin' to that wild country," she said to her son. "You'll be bidin' at hame. I'll no have ye goin' to a country with moose like that. What, think ye, will be the size o' the *rats* there?"

"THE CHICKEN DIED"

Touring Scotland one time, an Englishman made friends with a Scotchman and invited him to spend a week with him in his home in England. The Scotchman came, and was welcomed royally by the Englishman. For a week the man from the North was wined and dined, and taken on pleasure excursions, and was not permitted to spend a cent, not even for tips. When the time came for his departure for home, the Scotchman said to his English host:

"Ye've been verra kind to me, verra kind, indeed. Mon, I've had a grand time, with not even sae much as ma hand in ma pooch all the whiles. When I get back to my home in Scotland I'm gaun tae send ye a real Scotch chicken."

Weeks and months passed, but the chicken never came. Finally, at the end of a year, the Englishman found himself in Scotland again, and reminded his Scotch friend of his promise.

"Mon," said the Scotchman, "hae ye no heard? The chicken died."

VERY, VERY CAUTIOUS

In an English inn, the "boots" had the habit of bringing his shoecleaning kit up to the various floors, and polishing the boots there, when they were left outside the doors of the rooms, instead of gathering them up and taking them downstairs to the scullery.

However, once the innkeeper found some blacking left carelessly on the floor, and ordered that thenceforth the boots must be cleaned downstairs. Soon thereafter, he went upstairs one evening, and found the "boots" on his knees before a closed door, and polishing away at a pair of boots.

"See here," said he, "I thought I ordered you to take all those boots downstairs and clean them there."

"You did, sir, and I've taken them all down but this pair."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Well, they belong to a Scotchman, and he's got hold of the laces."

ENOUGH TO SCARE THE WOLVES

Many people, especially those not born in Scotland or of Scottish descent, say that they

do not like the sound made by the bagpipes, and even some of the Scotch poke fun at the music. They tell a story north of the Tweed of a bagpiper on his travels in the Highlands, who sat down at the roadside and opened his wallet to eat his dinner. No sooner had he done so than three wolves came against him. First he threw them his meat, which they devoured. Then he threw them the bread, which they ate also. Then, seeing that they were not yet satisfied, he took his bagpipes and played them a tune.

It was too much for the beasts, and they ran away. "Devil take ye," said Sandy, "if I had kenned ye lo'ed music so weel, ye should ha' had it before dinner."

REAL NERVE

A Scotchman went into a concert hall in Glasgow, ordered a two-penny glass of beer, and took his time about drinking it. In fact, he sat so long over the beer that the waiter gave him two or three hints that ordering a two-penny glass of beer did not entitle him to sit in the place all evening.

But the waiter's hints did not induce the Scotchman to finish the beer and order an-

other, so the waiter took the case up with the manager of the place.

"See that fellow over there?" he said. "Well, he's been a-sittin' there all evenin' over one glass of beer."

"I'll be looking after him," said the manager. He went to the customer's table and said:

"See here, my man, we can't run this place and make any money on people like you. You can't sit here all evening and warm yourself, all for one two-penny glass of beer."

"And who are you to be tellin' me what I can do and what I mauna do?" asked the customer.

"I'm the manager of this place."

"Oh, is that so? Weel, you're just the man I was thinkin' of. What for is the band no playin'?"

NOTHING TO BECOME EXCITED OVER

Few men are so self-possessed and calm as the old Scotch elder who found his cottage on fire one day, and, being unable to put out the blaze himself, walked to his nearest neighbor. He saw him in the garden reading a book, and waited until he had turned the page. Then he said:

"Neighbor, I believe my house is on fire. Will you come and help?" But by the time they got back the cottage was gone.

SERVANTS

WHERE THE OBJECTION WAS

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked a woman of an applicant for a position as servant girl.

"The master tried to kiss me," said the girl.

"Did you object?"

"No, but the missus did."

HOW IT HAPPENED

The new servant girl annoyed her mistress very much by keeping her mouth continually open, and couldn't seem to learn to shut it.

One day there were visitors present, and the girl, waiting on the table, had her mouth wide open, as usual.

"Mary," said the mistress, "your mouth is open."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary; "I opened it."

A COOKING HINT

The new cook was not sure about making a certain pudding, so she poked her head into the living room and said to the mistress:

"Ma'am, how shall I know if the pudding is done?"

"Stick a knife into it, and if it comes out clean the pudding is done," said the mistress.

Then, as an afterthought, "And if the knife does come out clean, you might stick all the other knives into the pudding."

WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY

The mistress was trying to dig some scandal out of the new servant girl, who had just left the employ of one of the neighbors.

"Why did you leave the Joneses, Katie?" she asked.

"Oh, I couldn't stand it there, mum," said Katie. "Too much quarrelin' goin' on all the time."

"Indeed! Quarreling all the time?"

"Yes, mum; all the time. When it wasn't me an' him it was me an' her."

WELL RECOMMENDED

"I'm engaged to be married, ma'am," said a servant girl to her mistress.

"Indeed! I congratulate you," said the mistress. "Is it to that young man who has been calling on you for the past three weeks?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But isn't that rather soon? You haven't known him very long, have you?"

"No, ma'am, but I'm sure he's all right; a girl I know was engaged to him for the longest time."

OFF AND ON

"I'll have to be leaving you," said a man servant to a man who had a generous nature, but a very fiery temper.

"Why?" asked the master.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I can't stand your temper," said the servant.

"Oh, come, come," the master answered, "I know that I have a bad temper, but surely you will agree with me that no sooner is it on than it is off."

"That's true," was the reply, "but it's no sooner off than it's on again."

A RECOMMENDATION

A wealthy man had in his employ a gardener who was not very appreciative of the distinction between thine and mine, so his employer had to discharge him.

But the gardener was a man with a family,

so the employer did not like to send him out without some letter of recommendation. He solved the problem by writing:

"This is to certify that John Smith has been in my employ as a gardener for several years. He can get more out of a garden than any other man I ever employed."

SHIPS

DANGER IN "SWAPPING" JOBS

On board a steamship, so the story runs, a dispute arose once between the captain and the chief engineer, concerning the importance of their respective jobs. Each one claimed that he had the more important post.

"Without me to run your blooming engines, where would your ship be?" asked the engineer. And the captain replied, "What good would running your engines be if I didn't have brains enough to steer the ship in the right direction?"

Each one claimed that he could do the other one's job, so they agreed to "swap." The engineer went up on the bridge, and the captain went below to the engines.

In a short time the captain reappeared on

deck, and hailed the engineer. "Hey, engineer!" he called. "Come below; your engines won't work."

"Oh, that's all right," said the engineer. "I've run your ship ashore!"

HE KNEW THE LAY OF THE LAND

In the old whaling days in Nantucket, there was an old sea captain who had sailed all the seven seas, and who boasted that he had heaved the lead so often that he could tell, by tasting the lead, over what part of the ocean they were sailing. He repeated this boast ashore so often that one of his mates put up a trick on him. The mate took with him, when they sailed, a sample of the soil from a Nantucket garden.

They were out only a day or two when the captain ordered the lead heaved. The mate took it, and put on it some of the soil from the island. He gave it to the captain to taste.

The captain did so, and turned pale. He turned to the mate with:

"Good Lord, Silas! Nantucket's sunk, and we're sailing over Missus Hopkins' garden!"

NO TIME FOR LEVITY

The ship was laboring in a heavy sea, and

the waves were threatening to overwhelm her any moment. The captain had done all he could, and, as a last resort—this was before the days of wireless—he sent up rockets as a call for help from any vessel that might happen to be near.

The passengers were standing on deck watching the proceedings. One of them went to the captain on the bridge and said:

"Captain, I must enter a protest against such untimely and unseemly proceedings. We are in imminent peril of our lives. This is no time to be setting off fireworks."

NOT HIS EQUAL

The "Leviathan" was being towed into her berth on the North River, New York, when a dirty little coal barge came down the river, and got in her way. The officer on the bridge of the big liner yelled through his speaking trumpet:

"Hey, clear out of the way with that mud scow!"

The man on the deck of the scow yelled back:

"Are you the captain of that vessel?"

"No," replied the man with the gold lace.

"Then speak to your equals; I'm the captain of this one!"

SPEAKERS AND SPEAKING

A HINT FOR SPEAKERS

Simeon Ford, the famous after-dinner speaker of New York some years ago, said that one of the longest and most tedious speeches he ever heard was redeemed by the remark made by the speaker when he neared the end of his address.

"And now," said the speaker, "as Lady Godiva said when she was returning from her famous ride through the streets of Coventry, 'I am drawing near my clothes.'"

HIS SPECIALTY

Strickland Gillilan, the poet and lecturer, was to speak one evening in a little Ohio town, and when he reached the platform he noticed that the customary pitcher of water and glass were missing. He turned to the chairman and asked for them.

"What do you want the water for, to drink?" asked the chairman.

"No," said Gillilan, "I do a high-diving act."

A JOKE ON DEPEW

Senator Depew was entertaining a party of friends one day, and he was at his best, with stories and witty sayings following one another rapidly.

One of his guests said to him:

"Senator, you might get typhoid fever, and recover; you might get pneumonia, and get over it; you might get smallpox and get away with your life; but if you ever get lockjaw, you'll burst!"

STAGE

A DEEP SECRET

An English actress, who had married into an aristocratic family, came to America to star in a play here. Her manager, one of the best known in the profession, was a man who was noted for his caustic remarks.

He was rehearsing the play, and was displeased with some of the work of the actress. He made some criticism which the lady thought was unnecessarily harsh. She drew herself up to her full height and said:

"Sir, I want you to remember that I am a lady!"

He made a deep bow as he replied, "Madam, I shall respect your secret!"

CAUSTIC CRITICISM

Possibly the most stinging bit of dramatic criticism that was ever written was that of the critic who said, after seeing a very poor performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that "the bloodhounds were badly supported."

NOT THAT KIND OF A "LOG"

A vaudeville performer was alone on the stage, entertaining the audience with funny stories.

While he was speaking, a cat came out of the wings and walked across the stage.

"Get out of here!" said the "vaudevillain." "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM

When Walter Hampden presented his "Othello," a man from the South, without much knowledge of the drama, was taken to see the play.

Discussing it later, he said:

"Do you know, I believe the nigger did about as well as any of them!"

IT WASN'T APPLAUSE

A one-night-stand theatrical company was giving performances in New Jersey, in a section of the state that was famous, or notorious, for the size and tremendous appetites of its mosquitoes. One of the actors, after saying his lines, went off the stage, and was greatly pleased to hear loud handclapping "out in front."

"Ah," he said to one of the stage hands, "they evidently like my acting!"

"Nix, nix!" said the stage hand. "That's the audience killing mosquitoes."

NO PLACE FOR A LADY

The vaudeville performer who was billed as "The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" was giving the audience some samples of his powers. He took a newspaper, placed over it a thick woolen cloth, and then read out the contents to the audience.

In the front row there was an elderly maiden lady. She got up and went out, saying:

"This is no place for a lady with a thin silk dress on."

A JOB FOR JOSHUA

Sir James M. Barrie was once attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, in which two well-known actresses had leading parts. The two ladies had a quarrel about the center of the stage, and the manager appealed to Barrie to settle their differences.

"Not for me," said the wise Scotchman. "There has been in the history of the world only one man who could manage the sun and the moon, and even he had sense enough to keep his hands off the stars."

"LOUDER—AND FUNNIER"

There were two dramatic critics who attended the first-night performance of a play. It was supposed to be a funny play. One of the critics became impatient with the performance of one of the actors, who mumbled his lines. The other critic thought that as a laugh-producer the play was what some people would call a "flop."

After a while the one who could not hear well got up in his seat and yelled out:

"Louder!"

And the other one rose in his seat and shouted:

"And funnier!"

SHE TALKED A GOOD OPERA

Mark Twain was invited once to a seat in the box at the opera belonging to one of the dames of high society in New York. But he was greatly annoyed, all through the singing, by the incessant chatter of his hostess.

At the fall of the last curtain, she said to him:

"Oh, Mr. Clemens, we should be delighted to have you with us again next Friday; the opera will be 'La Tosca.'"

"Thank you, madam," replied Twain; "I have never heard you in that."

A GOOD OPINION OF HIMSELF

The late Oscar Wilde wrote a play called "The Ideal Husband," and a good English company was engaged to present it.

At one of the rehearsals the leading man complained to the manager that the lines with which he left one of the scenes were not well written, and requested that the manager ask the author to rewrite them.

The request was brought to Wilde's attention. "Oh, my dear sir," he said to the manager, "who am I that I should tamper with a masterpiece?"

"ALL RIGHT, 'ENERY!"

Once Sir Henry Irving, the famous English actor, was playing the title rôle in "Macbeth," in London, and had reached the scene where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet table.

Irving declaimed, in his most tragic tones, "Hence, horrible shadow; unreal mockery, hence!" Then, with a deep shudder, he wrapped his robe around his face, and sank to the stage.

A cockney in the gallery was overcome with emotion by the scene. He called out, "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

WORKING HIS WAY

There was an actor who got stranded between two cities a good distance apart, but connected by a canal. The poor fellow had no money, so he started to walk to the nearer city. He walked all day, and became very weary and footsore. Toward evening he sat down to rest on the bank of the canal, and waited until one of the boats, pulled by a mule, came along.

Then he hailed the captain, and said: "I've got to get to the next town, and I have no money for fare. Will you let me work my passage?"

"Sure," said the captain, "you can lead the mule."

ONE WAS ENOUGH

In a small town that was visited by traveling theatrical troupes, the bills showed that the next attraction was to be "The Forty Thieves."

A countryman, who had never paid more than fifty cents to see any show, went to the box office, handed in a dollar bill, and asked for a ticket. He got it, and then he said, "Where's the change?"

"No change," said the ticket seller, "it costs a dollar to see this city show, 'The Forty Thieves.'"

"Here, keep your ticket," said the countryman. "I don't care to see the other thirty-nine."

ONE WAY OUT

A young man and his wife wanted to go to the movies, but had no one to leave the baby with, so they took the child along. The baby commenced to cry, and an usher said:

"You are disturbing the audience with the child. If it doesn't stop crying we'll have to ask you to step to the box office, get your money back, and leave the theatre."

The woman soothed the baby, and it fell asleep. The picture was a very poor one, and it was about half way finished when the man whispered to his wife:

"Say, stick a pin into the baby, will you?"

CHANGED HER OPINION

David Belasco, the playwright, likes to tell about the writer of a play who went to its first performance and sat in one of the front rows.

The play was a terrible failure, and long before it was over the author realized that it would not remain long on the boards. His feelings were not at all relieved when a woman, sitting behind him, said to him in the second act:

"Excuse me, sir, but, knowing that you were the author of this play, I took the liberty, in the first act, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Permit me to return it to you."

KEPT IT A SECRET

There is a certain New York actor who is one of the shining lights of his profession, and he knows it. He is well-to-do, and lives in a beautiful house in one of the finest sections of the city.

Once his car was out of order, and he had to depend on taxis for transportation. Leaving the theatre one night, he entered a taxi, with one word to the driver, "Home."

Before the driver could ask any questions, the actor had seated himself in the cab.

The driver poked his head in and said: "Say, boss, where do you want to go?"

"Home," said the actor.

"But I don't know where that is—you'll have to tell me," said the driver.

"Why should I tell a perfect stranger where my beautiful home is?" answered the actor, and he settled himself back comfortably in the seat.

BUSTED HOPES

In one of his early years on the stage, Frank Daniels, the comedian, was a member of a small theatrical company that was on tour in the upper part of New York State. Business was very poor with the troupe, and there wasn't any money in sight to pay salaries.

"Wait until we get to Ticonderoga," said the manager. "There's a new opera house there, and I'm sure we'll draw a crowd."

So they waited hopefully, until one day, late in the afternoon, they found themselves

on a stage coach, bound for Ticonderoga. Frank sat on the seat with the driver. His eye was caught and held by the wonderful coloring of the sky.

"What a beautiful sunset!" he remarked to the driver.

"Sunset nothin'," said the driver; "that's the Ticonderoga op'ry house burnin' down."

NOT DEMONSTRATIVE

Wilton Lackaye, the actor, was at the head of a road company touring New England, and stopped at a little city in Maine. The proprietor, who acted as clerk, was a typical, cool, downeast Yankee. Lackaye's friend, De Wolf Hopper, had stayed at the same hotel the year before, and had told Lackaye that if he ever visited the city he should tell the hotel man that he was a friend of Hopper's, and he would be well treated.

Accordingly, after Lackaye had registered, he said to the Yankee:

"I am a friend of De Wolf Hopper, who stayed with you last year."

The hotel man said nothing, but handed him his room key.

Lackaye thought he hadn't heard, and repeated his remark.

Again the proprietor was silent.

A third time Lackaye said, "I am a friend of De Wolf Hopper, who stayed here last year."

Then, at last, the proprietor answered:

"Well, what d'ye want me to do, kiss ye?"

HE KNEW IT

When Raymond Hitchcock, the famous comedian, first appeared in New York he made a big hit, and the management posted in front of his theatre several extracts from the newspapers praising his performance, with pictures of Hitchcock, and so on.

Two men were standing in front of the theatre, reading the notices. One of them said to the other:

"Say, how is this guy Hitchcock, anyway? Is he as funny as they say he is?"

"Funny?" said the other fellow. "Why, that man is so funny he could make the mummies in the Museum of Art laugh. They have to stop him every night from being as funny as he can, for fear some of the audience will die from laughing."

"Is that so? Is he as funny as Eddie Foy?"

"Eddie Foy? Eddie Foy never saw the day or night when he was in it with Hitchcock. A

friend of mine told me that Eddie Foy is so jealous of Hitchcock that he's going to quit Broadway and take to the 'sticks.'"

"Don't you believe it. I'm Eddie Foy."

"I know it; I'm Raymond Hitchcock."

AN ADDED DRAMATIC TOUCH

Lester Wallack, the famous American actor, had a play once in which he acted the part of a soldier who had to ride direct from the arms of his lady fair to the battlefield. The words of farewell were spoken off-stage, out of sight of the audience, then a horse entered at one side, and a man made up to look like Wallack jumped on the horse's back and galloped across the stage. It was a very effective scene, and won much applause.

The man who did the riding in Wallack's stead was an ex-circus rider. It irked him to think that all he had to do was some plain riding across the stage; he wanted to add some fancy touches to the part. One day he said to the stage director:

"Do you think the old man would object if I added some stunts to my ride?"

The stage director was a practical joker, and saw a chance for some fun. "Of course not," he answered, "I think he'd like it."

The next night the time for the big scene came, and Wallack's voice was heard declaiming to his lady love:

"Good night, sweet love; I must tear myself away now from your dear arms. I go where glory or death awaits me! Farewell, farewell!"

The horse galloped out on the stage, the circus rider leaped to its back, standing, and wafted a kiss to the audience. Then he jumped to the stage, turned a somersault, and landed again on the animal's back. By this time the audience was in an uproar, and Wallack, purple with rage, was seeking the rider's life. The act was never repeated.

TRAVELING

MUCH TRAVELED AMERICANS

A party of tourists, of mixed nationalities, was standing on the brink of Vesuvius during one of the eruptions. They were tremendously impressed by the grandeur of the scene.

One of the Americans turned to his companion and said:

"Say, don't this beat h—l!"

An Englishman overheard him.

"It's wonderful how you Americans travel!" he remarked.

REPAIRS NEEDED

In the early days of railroading in the South, it was not so easy and comfortable as it is now. A man from the North was the only passenger in a coach one day, when the train stopped suddenly.

It had halted for quite a while when the conductor entered the car and said to the passenger:

"Say, stranger, have you got a piece of string? The engine's busted."

LOTS OF BAGGAGE

A gambler was run out of town for cheating, and went to the next town. He tried to put up at the hotel, but the proprietor, not knowing him, refused to trust him.

"Have you got any baggage?" he asked.

"Sure; fifty-four pieces."

"Where is it?"

"It's coming."

So the hotel proprietor put him up—until he found out that the fifty-four pieces of baggage consisted of one pair of socks and a deck of playing cards.

GETTING RID OF THEM BOTH

Two fussy old women in a train were kicking about the ventilation. One wanted a window open, the other wanted it shut.

"I'll die of suffocation," said one of them, "unless this window is opened."

"And I'm sure I'll die of the draft if you open it," said the other.

"Conductor," said one of the other passengers, "suppose you open the window until one of them dies of the draft, and then close it and kill the other one."

NOT HER ROOM

The old lady from the country had never visited the city before, and wasn't used to hotel ways.

The clerk assigned her to a room, and told her that a bell boy would take her bag and show her to it. She followed the boy, and then kicked:

"Why, I'd never think of taking a room like this! It's the smallest, closest little room I ever saw!"

"Step in, madam," said the bell boy, coldly. "This isn't your room; this is the elevator."

WHO HE WAS

A party of tourists were going through the Yellowstone, and stopped at one of the geysers. They had a guide, whose name happened to be Guy.

One of the tourists went too close to the edge of the geyser, and fell in. The rest of the crowd was horror-stricken, but the guide only laughed.

That made the others mad. "Say," said one of them, "who are you, anyway, to be laughing at that poor fellow?"

"Me?" said the guide. "Why, I'm Guy, the guide, that guyed the guy in the geyser!"

WEATHER

NOT CLEAR ENOUGH FOR TWO

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the English playwright, was greatly annoyed by a maiden aunt, who forced her company upon him on many occasions when he wished to be alone.

One day she wanted him to take a walk with her, and he pointed out to her that it was raining. Soon, however, the rain stopped, and he tried to slip out of the house without her. She caught him at the door, however, and said:

"Now we can take that walk; it has cleared up."

"No," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one to go out, but not enough for two." And out he went.

ONE THING NEEDFUL

Two countrymen met on the road on a very hot July day, and one said to the other:

"Pretty hot, Jim."

"Yes," said the other, "I should say we were going to have a thaw, if it weren't for one thing."

"What's that, Jim?"

"There ain't nothin' froze," said Jim.

WORRY

NO MORE WORRY

"I'm never going to worry any more, as long as I live," said a man to his best friend.

"How are you going to help it?" asked his friend. "Everybody worries."

"I'm going to hire a man to do my worrying for me. I'm going to pay him $50 a week, just for that."

"That's all right," said the other man, "but where are you going to get the fifty from?"

"Oh, he should worry!"

NOTHING LEFT TO WORRY ABOUT

Not all of us are fortunate enough to have only one thing to worry about, like the old lady who was constantly losing or misplacing her spectacles.

One of her sons had three pairs made for her, and said:

"There, mother, you needn't worry any more about your specs. If one pair gets lost, there will always be another one."

But the old lady wasn't satisfied.

"Oh, dear," she answered, "now I'll have nothing to worry about!"